

THE
DUBLIN AND LONDON MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1828.

IRISH LITERATURE.

As in duty bound, we make our bow to the learned. Like *fairer* patrons, their 'smile enlivens or their frown destroys;' and, though we would willingly do honour to the cotemporaries of Ollam Fodhla, we are constrained first to propitiate the highly gifted of the present time.

If, in the fulness of our good nature, we admit that many benefits have resulted to Ireland from her connexion with England, we are compelled to doubt whether her literary reputation has gained any thing by being bound in the same political girdle with her haughty and triumphant sister. A neglect of the national language has been the consequence; and the period of its ultimate destruction cannot be far distant. Perhaps, under existing circumstances, this is undeserving of regret. The Gaelic tongue, for obvious reasons, has not kept pace with the progress of society; new wants require new terms; and the most originally affluent dialect which continues stationary, must become inadequate to the multiplied purposes of an improved and improving people. It is in vain to conjecture what might have been the case under different circumstances; we know that English is now the language of the literati of Ireland; and, however well this may be calculated to advance the interests of the people, it goes very far, both directly and indirectly, to deprive the country of a national literary character. Her intellectual labours are overshadowed, if not absorbed, in the superior claims of those in whose language they are conceived and matured; and as men write only that they may be read and remembered, they will sink their patriotism in their pride, and readily consent to become second at Rome, rather than remain first in a less attractive place.

Burke and Sheridan, like Cicero and Seneca, do honour to a country which did not give them birth—to a people with whom they had no ties beyond the common fellowship of men: they have

Feb. 1828.

enriched a language which their fathers did not speak, and are now regarded as luminaries in the milky way of intellect, increasing that superior brilliancy which occasions less noted stars to hide their diminished light. The glory which they shed upon their country is incidental; they did not intend that it should be otherwise; nor are they much to blame for this: the fame which results from the exercise of genius belongs to those among whom it is protected and matured.

Perhaps there is nothing in this conclusion, inevitable as it is, to give pain to the most patriotic Irishman living; an enlarged policy will teach him to look beyond the limits of that narrow circle within which statesmen had too long confined their views, and see, in the advancement of general happiness, hopes of the improvement of his own country. A common language produces a similarity of habits and modes of thinking; a common literature begets an identity of feeling and purpose; and, of course, the more ample the range in which these exercise their influence, the greater is the chance of general prosperity and national liberty. Those who speak in different tongues can hardly ever permanently coalesce: their dialect gives them repelling qualities, and they are, of course, less likely to pursue one end by similar means. Hence national animosity, and the long train of evils which produce war and hatred among a handful of people, who would, did they know, or had they the means of knowing, their mutual interests, be as anxious to serve as they are now anxious to injure each other.

Neither does it follow, because all works written in the English language come properly under the title of English literature, that Ireland should not have a literary reputation of her own. Although it can never be as distinct as if she had a national language, it may be more conspicuous and more useful. The Irish literati have, under present circum-

B

372209

6701K78

dep 5037

stances, a more extensive market, and, consequently, a greater stimulus, than they could possibly have under a different, though more flattering arrangement: they have more than one people for patrons; and, from the perpetually increasing curiosity of mankind, they have no need to leave any thing appertaining to their country undescribed, or any thing connected with her interests unredressed. If there be an evil in the thing, Ireland shares it with others. America and Scotland are similarly situated; and, though national pride may suffer, society must reap an advantage.

Were we to be guided by facts, we should certainly conclude that it is the interest of Ireland to identify her literature even still more than it is with that of Great Britain. Some mistaken patriots are perpetually referring us to that great epoch in Irish history when Grattan, it is said, achieved the independence of the nation. Lady Morgan—and we have great respect for her ladyship—has, on more occasions than one, dwelt upon the constellation of merit which then shed its effulgence upon the land. The press groaned with the productions of intellect; while the senate-house, and the four courts, exhibited that generous rivalry from whence resulted those specimens of oratory which reflect so much lustre upon Ireland. Without feeling at all disposed to depreciate the authors and orators of that period, we may be permitted to say that, if not surpassed, they are at least equalled by those of the present day. Oratory—in the proper acceptance of the word—is always more creditable to the speaker than the hearers—it is called into exercise, and is admired, under circumstances of which no people ought to be proud; and we regret that it still is as necessary and as much in requisition as it was in *Eighty-two*. Respecting the press the case is different: it can never be exercised in vain; and we deny that it was as actively employed when Ireland had a parliament, as it is at the present moment. A few senseless pamphlets, filled with bad English and worse arguments, were then produced; general literature had few admirers, and Irish literature scarcely one at all. When Vallancey—a man entitled to more than ordinary courtesy—undertook, although a foreigner, to vindicate the antiquities of the country of

his adoption against the parricidal efforts of some of her own children, he met with the most chilling neglect. In those days of Grattan, and Flood, and the long list of patriots which then figured on the political arena, one of the most amiable scholars in Europe proposed to establish a society to promote Irish literature. His claims to attention were undoubted, the utility of his scheme unquestionable, and his zeal and talents admitted by all. The metropolis was then the resort of wealth and intellect, yet, strange to say, he could not procure thirty co-operators—in one year they dwindled down to a solitary *one*! Three guineas was too much to be expended on the promotion of national literature! The reader ought to be sceptical, but, by referring to the fourth volume of ‘*Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis*,’ he will find the statement given by the general himself. Even that useful repository of Vallancey’s disinterested and learned labours failed to acquire patronage: it died prematurely, leaving the proprietors *minus* some hundred pounds.

The evil of circumscribed patronage was then fully felt. Authors who gave a preference to a native press were, as a matter of self-defence, obliged to publish by subscription; and, even in this way, but few works were produced. We look among them in vain for any of those lighter productions to which genius imparts, as it were, the quality of ubiquity. We find no books issuing from the Irish press which could interest an English reader, or, through the medium of well-designed fiction, cheat prejudiced foreigners into a knowledge of Irish wrongs and Irish merit. Had Banim lived in those boasted times, we should not have been delighted with the ‘*Tales of the O’Hara Family*.’

The great diffusion of literary taste in England, and the more intimate connexion of the two countries, have done more for Irish literature than all the patriots who ever lived. The one has brought Irish genius in more frequent collision with that of this kingdom, and the other has occasioned it to be put into requisition. Great events have proceeded, in many instances, from trivial things; and had not English novel readers been so eager for new tales, perhaps Ireland had remained unportrayed by the various pens which have recently done so much

credit to themselves, and so much good to their country. We have no doubt of the patriotism of each and all of them; but they must excuse us if we claim a small portion of Irish gratitude for English readers. The talented authors might certainly have chosen other and less national subjects, but would it have been their interest to have done so? Did 'Ida of Athens' sell as well as 'O'Donnell?' Did 'Damon and Pythias' realize the proceeds of 'The Nowlans and Peter of the Castle?'

It would, therefore, appear that to the intimate connexion between these countries, Ireland is indebted for the recent development of her literary treasures. Her writers have an immediate access to the foreign as well as to the home market; and, from the reception which they have met with, it is rational to conclude that national prejudices are fast disappearing; and this, it is well known, is owing to the diffusion of literary taste, and the facility which a common medium affords the people of these countries of communicating with each other by means of a free press. Should there, however, be any one inclined to question our conclusions, he will find it impossible to deny that the Irish literati, at the present moment, are more numerous and more talented than at any former period of Irish history. Circumstances may have operated to retard the intellectual progress of the country; but it would appear that within these last few years they have either ceased, or lost the power of accomplishing mischief; for, in every walk of polite literature, we find Irishmen pushing for the goal of honourable ambition. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that they abound most numerous in those departments over which some one of the Muses is supposed to preside. The labyrinths of metaphysics, in which none but Scotsmen seem to see their way clearly, are carefully avoided, nor do they appear to be greater admirers of political science. History they but seldom approach: they delight most in those fanciful creations where active imaginations can revel uncontrolled, amidst the unsubstantial, but not the less amusing, show of worlds, which genius only can people. Deep researches, or recondite studies, do not, at present, seem to suit Irish genius: it is of an oriental cast, and, when not de-

voted to religion, it is engaged in the service of the Nine. Poetry, however, being but little in request, it has condescended to give us fictions in prose; and, to tell the truth, the latter is by far the more valuable commodity. One thing, however, we would impress upon Irish story-tellers—the necessity of adhering implicitly to nature, to truth. The pictures of monsters may excite a momentary wonder—a sudden surprise—but there is no permanency in the effect—they do not give pleasure; and, when the imposition is detected, John Bull will be filled with distrust respecting the fidelity of Irish portraits—the loss will, ultimately, be greater than the gain.

Miss Edgeworth, or rather Mr. Edgeworth—for he, we suspect, was the real author—wrote with laudable caution; but, as he had an educational theory to exemplify, his characters are all put into a kind of Procrustes bed, where they were compelled to conform to the proper dimensions of morals and capacity. There was no great straining after effect; no melo-dramatic personages, composed of the inconsistent qualities of madness and reason: all was sober, orderly, and, with some grains of allowance, approached pretty nearly to reality. In this he was followed by Sir Walter Scott, who writes always like a man of common sense; but in imitating him our Irish novelists have fallen into an error, which nothing but the ridiculous notions entertained in England of the Irish peasantry could tolerate for a moment.

Lady Morgan, in her 'O'Briens and O'Flahertys,' has given us a kind of male Meg Merrilies—a wild biped, who never did, never could, exist any where. Her ladyship, however, is outdone by Mr. Griffin, in his 'Munster Festivals.' Many of his characters are not Irish—most certainly they are not Munster; and he must have calculated largely on John Bull's ignorance and credulity when he solicited his attention to such tales. This is a sad drawback from this gentleman's merits; his talents are of a very superior order; he is not deficient in invention; and Irish history and Irish character present so many novel incidents and subjects, that we wonder his good taste did not apprize him of the propriety of adhering to truth, and leaving gaudy colours to those who must needs 'hide with ornament their want of art.'

The talented author of 'To-day in Ireland,' makes sad work with Irish characters: his Jesuits are all demons; his Evangelicals are all hypocrites; and, according to him, Ireland is a queer place indeed! He is, however, capable of better things, and we look forward to his forthcoming work with feelings which, we trust, will not be disappointed.

Nor is Mr. Banim, the most highly gifted writer of Irish novels, free from this glaring defect. An approach to caricature may, on some occasions, be tolerated—may be effective; but the author of 'Crohore of the Bill-hook' deals largely in exaggeration. His outlines are nearly all distended beyond their proper dimensions—they become disproportioned—and, instead of exciting either sympathy or risibility, produce nothing but pain; and readers of fiction prefer being pleased to being frightened.

A more enlarged experience will reform the errors of which we complain; and perhaps it is fortunate for Ireland

that the crowd who has entered the literary arena so recently are all so full of talent and patriotism. Their success must act as a stimulus to excite the dormant talent of others; and, were the public mind less agitated with political and polemical discussions, perhaps the votaries of pure literature might acquire no small accession of mental co-operators. As it is, Ireland has no need to shrink from comparison with any nation of Europe; and let it never be forgotten that, as the benefits of literature are general, its professors and admirers should hail those who are its most immediate cultivators as brothers, no matter what country claims the accidental honour of their birth.

At present we shall content ourselves with these general remarks. The subject, however, is one which furnishes too many objects for reflection and criticism to be dismissed without a promise from us of being resumed in our next.

THE UNITED STATES.*

This book is the production of an American politician, and may be consulted with advantage by all who wish to make themselves acquainted with the state of parties in the new world. The writer appears familiar with the subject; and though there is, occasionally, a certain coarseness in his sketches, the general outline, we have no doubt, is sufficiently accurate.

Fifty years have passed since America started into existence as a nation; and during this brief period her progress has been unprecedented. Her thirteen states have become twenty-four; her inhabitants have more than trebled; her revenues have experienced a more than corresponding increase; while her navy was supposed to be viewed with jealousy by a nation which commands the dominion of the seas. Her foreign commerce indicates her internal activity; and her improvement bids fair to *progress* (to use a transatlantic phrase) with an accelerated impetus. This is all very gratifying, but is nothing extraordinary. Nature furnished the *materiel* of national wealth and national greatness, and Europe supplied that informing mind which put these into operation. America was peopled by those who carried with them into the new world the science and experience of the old; and when to this is added the peculiar advantages which she enjoys in respect to constitution and climate, our wonder at her progress is greatly diminished.

There can be no doubt that America has exercised some influence in the affairs of Europe; and the work before us proves that there is a reaction which the author considers likely, one day, to prove detrimental to the republic. European diplomacy, he thinks, is undermining the liberties of his country; and, in proof of his assertion, points to the party denominated Monarchists, which now guides the wheels of government in the United States. In this, perhaps, he has attributed an effect to a wrong cause: there is nothing surprising in the existence of such a party: America is an infant country; her people have been in the habit of forming their thoughts, as well as their dress, upon a European model; their literature is European; many of their associations are European; and it would be most extraordinary if some of them did not imagine that their country might become great and civilized, though governed after the approved European fashion. Republican insolence, and that hardy roughness which necessarily characterizes a people so circumstanced, may disgust the wealthy and the slave-owner, and lead them to fancy that the only way of obviating both, would be to introduce a king, court, and courtiers, for the purpose of teaching Jonathan good manners.

'A party,' says the writer, 'existing since the revolution, and extending its ramifications over the whole Union, is now growing into

* *The United States of North America as they are.* 8vo. London, 1828. Simpkin and Marshall.

importance, and, guided by the principles of European diplomacy, is rooting itself deeper and deeper, drawing within its circle, the wealthy, the dissatisfied, and thus adding, every day, to its strength.'

The principles of monarchy are thus developing themselves in the United States; and, though it cannot be established by open revolt, there is, the writer thinks, much to be apprehended from design, and that cunning, cautious policy, which characterizes its advocates. Many changes have occurred during the last ten years: only two parties now really exist; the monarchists, who govern, and the republicans, comprising the liberal and the democratic, who are obliged to obey. The president is at the head of the former; and on General Jackson may be said to repose the immediate hopes of the latter. Of these 'leaders' our author draws full length portraits: on the chief magistrate of America he is sufficiently severe—we think undeservedly so.

'John Quincy Adams was already unpopular on his father's account. Introduced at an early period into the most important public offices, he became accustomed to look down upon the people. A Tory by birth and by education, he is as staunch as his father; but with less mental capacity he is infinitely more dangerous. His father's political errors, and the embassies of London, St. Petersburg, and Paris, were the schools in which he was trained; cold, circumspect, and free from passion, he disregards the censures as well as the approbation of the people, above whom he considers himself elevated. This pride, or rather arrogance, is a family failing, and so little is he able to suppress it, that previously to his elevation, and while yet but a candidate, he so far forgot himself as to threaten an officer of the bank, who presumed to consider his indorsement as no better than that of another citizen, with the full weight of his displeasure. In private life he seems anxious to conceal this passion under the mask of republican carelessness, and a certain nonchalance. His countenance betrays a cold ambitious mind, his dark eye exhibits the heartless diplomatist. As a politician, he adopts the axiom that the means are justified by the end. Neither a Democrat nor a Federalist, he joined both parties, and left them as he found it best suited to his interest. When Secretary of State he uttered the following memorable words: "The United States will not be ranked among nations till the Presidency becomes hereditary." When one of the representatives was introduced to a nightly interview with him, and expressed his scruples respecting the manner of the election, the characteristic reply of Adams was, "Sir, the time will come, even with the United States, when the government, and not a prejudiced populace destitute of cha-

racter, will determine the public opinion. The question is, whether you, Sir, are sensible of the importance and the advantages which must necessarily accrue to you from the present course, or whether you prefer the old system.—Your determination in regard to the election is decisive."

'Adams is reputed by his party and the majority of the people, to possess a great mind: this is far from being the case. His talents are rather of an ordinary kind, but they are not the less dangerous on that account; for it is not the greatest, but the coldest and most persevering statesman, alike insensible to contempt and to praise, who is most obnoxious to the freedom of a nation. His style, a mixture of the elegant and the diplomatic, is admired, because it is new to the United States. It cannot be denied, that it is the most fit to disguise his political opinions and his deep-laid schemes. This motive, and his predilection for every thing coming from the eastern courts, may sufficiently account for his adoption of and fondness for it. If taken upon the whole, he may be considered a most dangerous man to the freedom of the Union, and if he had been sent by Metternich himself, he could not pursue more closely the principles of the Holy Alliance.'

Mr. Adams, it appears, has always kept aloof from the people, and is, at this moment, far from popular. Not long since, the proprietor of a steam boat had the imprudence to call his vessel the *Lady Adams*, but could get no passengers until the offensive title was defaced, and a more republican name substituted.

Opposed to Mr. Adams, and a candidate for the presidency, is General Jackson, the son of an Irish emigrant, who is, upon the whole, a very singular character. The following sketch has something about it which seems to assure us of its accuracy.

'Never, perhaps, has public opinion been so divided about any man as it is about General Jackson. Whilst the one party (Adams's) describes him as a tyrant, a military chieftain, a lawless soldier, the other represents him as a hero surpassing Washington himself. He is at the head of the Opposition, and the ruling power has, therefore, as much reason to depreciate him, as his own party has to extol him to the skies.

'The first view of Andrew Jackson is imposing, but the impression he leaves is not an agreeable one. A stature above the common size; a body which fatigues and hardships have cleared of all superfluous flesh; a physiognomy indicating violent passions; a face furrowed by deep lines; a grayish piercing eye, bespeaking less of shrewdness than of impetuosity, and which age has not robbed of its fire; these, with a tincture of Irish cunning, are the peculiarities that distinguish the present hero of the Opposition. He lost his father in early life, and was thrown, when an

orphan of fourteen, into the vortex of the revolutionary war. Having been taken prisoner, he rescued himself with a firmness of purpose, seldom to be met with at his age. His predilection for a military life may be dated from this early period. Shortly afterwards he gave himself up to the study of the law: a curious incident laid the foundation of his fame. On a journey from his residence to a distant county-town, where the quarter-sessions of the court were to be held, he met a farmer, whose sorrowful countenance seemed to indicate that his affairs bore a no less sorrowful aspect. By his natural power of persuasion, he soon learned the cause of the farmer's grief—a hopeless lawsuit—Jackson inquired more particularly into the matter, and asked his companion if he would permit him to plead his cause. The farmer, casting a side glance at Jackson's wretched poney, and at the still more wretched rider, expressed his disbelief of his power to be useful in this case, adding, that the first-rate lawyers could not give him any hope: but at last he consented—The issue of the trial was at hand; the farmer's counsel was pleading; the counsel of the opposite party as well as the jury were about to retire. "Stop, gentlemen," exclaimed our young lawyer, presenting himself at the bar in front of the presiding judge, and exhibiting his license: he was allowed to plead accordingly. In less than fifteen minutes he succeeded in rivetting the attention of the judges, jury, and assembly, all equally astonished at the forcible address of a peasant, who made his first appearance dressed in a home-made coat, with a linen bag thrown over his shoulders containing provisions for himself and his horse. The jury retired, the verdict was pronounced, the farmer recovered his property, and the young lawyer gained a name and clients. He was afterwards appointed President Judge of the Quarter Sessions, which station he filled with honour to himself, though he resigned it at a later period, as well as other offices which he then held.

His military propensities led him to take the command of a party which was sent against the Indians. These hostile hordes he fought upon their own principles of warfare, and having pursued them from one lurking-place to another, forced them to stand.

During one of these pursuits, the brigadier and his corps fell short of provisions; most of the troops murmured, not excepting the officers, and all desired to return home. Jackson, informed of this discontent, sent his officers an invitation to breakfast with him on the following day. Surprised at such an invitation, the officers made their appearance at the hour appointed, their curiosity much excited by the projected entertainment. A great quantity of acorns were spread on the floor of the hut, which was formed of branches; the general was seated on the ground. When his

guests entered, he rose, and pointing to the acorns, civilly said to them, "Gentlemen, as long as we have these, we have no reason to complain of want of food: let us sit down." Without further ceremony he resumed his place, and began to eat this strange repast. The officers made many wry faces, but were obliged to munch the acorns, as no roast beef was to be had.

During the late short contest between this country and America, he exhibited a strange compound of simplicity and despotism.

There is in him a strange association of arbitrary violence united to republican equality. The same person who could act in a manner approaching to tyranny against Tories, and persons whose patriotism admits of doubt, treats the poorest militia-man as his equal. One of his neighbours, a Tennessee farmer, who came with the troops from that state, wished to speak to him. He was introduced, and Jackson walking up to him, desired him to sit down, and ordered two glasses of brandy. They drank to each other's health, and of course destruction to the invaders. "Well, Joe, what brings you to me?" "General, I wish you would let me go home again." "And why, dear boy?" "Why, they always call me Nasty Joe, and you know I cannot bear nicknames; but to tell you the truth I want to see what my wife and my family are doing." "Well, Joe, then we will go together." "Why, general, what do you mean?" "You know, Joe, they used to call me Hickory, and like you, I am tired of nicknames, and to tell you the truth, I want also to see how things are going on in Old Tennessee." "Why, general, you cannot leave your station you know." "Yes, that is true; but can you, Joe?" Joe scratching his head was for a moment silent. "Well Joe," concluded Jackson, "I will tell you what we will do, we will stay here awhile, and after we have done our duty we will return together, and let them have the satisfaction of calling us what names they please." Joe seemed satisfied, and went away. * * *

A company of militia-men wanted to return home two days before the attack, their time of service having expired. Jackson was apprized of their intention, and ordered them to form in line of battle. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are not going to leave us now?" "Yes, General, our time of service has expired." "Well," exclaimed the General, advancing a few steps, "Attention! Shoulder! March!" A company of riflemen posted with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets in their rear, left them no choice of the road they were to take, and they moved on in silence towards the batteries.

A character so determined must have many enemies, and his greatest admirers have reason to wish some parts of his former conduct buried in oblivion. Were it not for intrigue—

and a petty constable cannot obtain office in the republic without intrigue—he would have been president. Our author intimates that he will be successful this year. America, he thinks, has nothing to apprehend from the ambition of General Jackson. ‘That he never will abuse his power,’ he says, ‘nor plunge the Union into a war with Great Britain, his age (seventy) is a security.’ Jackson is evidently a favourite with this writer. During the late contest for the presidency, he represents him as acting with independence and honour; and bearing his disappointment with calmness and dignity. He has since resided on his plantations, much respected.

Jackson was defeated in consequence of Mr. Clay’s coalition with his former opponent, Adams. The secretaryship was his reward. Of him we have the following sketch:—

‘In his earlier life this gentleman was a lawyer in Kentucky, and he was afterwards chosen for his oratorical talents, as representative for that State in Congress. In this capacity he distinguished himself by a nervous, a natural, and a practical eloquence—*ad hominem*. A quick penetration, and a self-possession which scarcely any thing could disturb, procured him influence, and a daring presumption common to the Kentuckians, gave him preponderance. Without classical education, he knows how to assail the weak part of human nature in a truly singular way. At an early period of his public life he voted against the interest of his constituents. After his return from Washington, he met everywhere with a cold reception. As if nothing had happened, he mingled with his neighbours: no one spoke to him; he was shunned by all. Approaching an old friend of his, a respectable Kentucky farmer, he wished him a good day—“I thank you,” was the reply. “How d’ye do?”—“Harry,” replied the old farmer, drily, “I presume we must part: thou canst not be any longer our congressman.” “Why so, Sir?” “Thou knowest better than I do, thou art a cunning fellow, too cunning for us.” After a long pause, “Look!” said Clay, taking the Kentucky man’s rifle from his hand, and pointing to it, “Do you remember the time when we hunted many a buck together?” “Yes!”—“Then you have not yet given up your old friend?” returning the rifle.—“Certainly not.” And did he stick as faithfully to you?” “What dost thou mean?” “Has he never disappointed you when the game was before his muzzle?” “Why, yes, sometimes.” “Then you have not broken him to pieces?” “Why should I—I have given him another chance?” “You have done so, dear Tom, but your old friend and trusty servant you are going to break because he once disappointed you? Ah, Tom, could you act thus with Harry, your old faithful Harry?” at the same time grasping his hand and pressing it heartily. “G—d—n me,” exclaimed the

old Kentuckian, “if I do: I will try thee again Harry!” And a shake of the hand which would have broken the finger of any one but a Kentuckian, sealed the reconciliation, and assured Clay that he was restored to favour. In less than one hour the apropos allegory was in every one’s mouth; “Clay for ever!” was vociferated on every side, and he was again unanimously elected representative.

‘Clay has in his person very little that is attractive; a disagreeable face, gray piercing eyes, full of a wild and malicious fire, distinguish the shrewd and impetuous politician, who knows no delicacy in the choice of his means. No other State but Kentucky would have forgiven Clay’s breach of trust. The Kentuckians were angry only so long as they were unacquainted with the price of this job *en gros*; as soon as they had the opening prospect of offices from their countryman, the present Secretary of State, he again became their favourite. It is no small honour to the other States that they deeply feel the wound inflicted on the moral principle of the Republic, and accordingly hold its author in abomination. None of the twenty-two States would choose him under the present circumstances for a constable. His private life is far from being exemplary: a duellist and a gambler, he has neither principle nor a sense of what is due to decorum.’

We have also a characteristic sketch of Mr. Clay’s opponent, Mr. Randolph, but a short extract must suffice:

‘With a meagre figure six feet in height, with long arms, on which the best spectacles could hardly discern an ounce of flesh, an arched forehead, a squeaking voice, at the sound of which one is inclined to close the offended organ, he is animated with a certain life and spirit which amply compensate for these defects. He is noted for being fond of slander, rather self-conceited, fond of talking for a great length of time, like all bachelors, particularly if wealthy Virginian planters. As a Senator of the United States, he is very popular, and deservedly enjoys the regard paid to him by the unprejudiced majority of his fellow-citizens.’

The oratory of American senators is rather lengthy, a speech sometimes extending to four or five hours, and the members for the southern states occasionally enliven the debate by quotations borrowed from our prize fighters. A little time will suffice to banish such vulgarity; and the population of the country has only to become a little more dense to correct many offensive parts of American manners. Scattered as the people now are over the country, at vast intervals, it necessarily follows that polished society is confined to the maritime districts, and that quacks of every description find ample field for practising their impositions. Had this writer a

little more experience of the world, he would not have written such silly nonsense about the lawyers. The Americans are astonished that public men should turn out knaves, or that individuals should seek their own interest in preference to that of their country; but this is owing to their simplicity, a fault which an

enlarged acquaintance with the histories of other countries is calculated to correct.

The concluding chapters of the book are devoted to subjects interesting to those about to emigrate, but the author in these has communicated nothing not previously known in this country.

HORÆ HIBERNICÆ.—NO. I.

THE MARINE EXCURSION.

THE mind that is wearied with literary or worldly pursuits finds its original tone restored by relaxation from them, and gladly seizes upon pleasure, though in ever so fleeting a shape, to dispel the gloom which necessarily overhangs it when warped by the world's cares. The din and smoke, bustle and turmoil, of a metropolis, heaven knows, is worth escaping for a season, nay, for a day, an hour; and perhaps no city in the empire has, in its vicinity, more 'loop-holes of retreat' than Dublin. All around, from the wild romantic rocks and dells of Wicklow to the suburbs on the west, north, and north-east, present beauties enough to seize upon the souls of those least given to contemplation; and for the lover of scenes true to nature, few, it must be owned, possess purer charms.

The introduction and invention of steam vessels has thrown a new light, or, (if the expression may be used,) at least, it has given birth to new beauties, in placing within view of the citizens the coast and its delightful scenery; and many, whose avocations precluded them from travelling by sea, gladly seized upon the opportunity a *fête jour* presented, when a 'marine excursion' by steam was announced, to witness scenes so often and so loudly extolled, considering themselves to be, at least, *tuti in undis*.

The natural disposition of the inhabitants of this 'sweet isle of the west,' (always, as they are, alive to the most trifling excitement, ardent, restless, and endowed with no small share of the romantic,) the more easily impels them onward to be borne away by the currents of variety; yet, like straws upon the surface of a mountain stream, which, by the laws of attraction, seek the banks where the still water hardly seems to flow, from the bustle of enjoyment and excitement they gladly fly to the peaceful retirement of domestic scenes, to recover their wonted feelings. A fair or pattern, a race or review, has charms for them, which, to our more sober-minded neighbours, seems the very acme of folly; and, reckless of the morrow, they lavish the toil-won produce of their laborious industry in care-dispelling drops of our native beverage, *whiskey*; for

Never was philtre formed with such power
To charm and bewilder—

Stoics may find fault with this passion, or propensity, or whatever else it may be designated. To attach such blame is but to dis-

play one's ignorance of the disposition of this island's inhabitants: much of the moral degradation may be attributed to it; but it may be fairly asked, what would be a proper succedaneum in this variable clime, if the *potheen* were exploded? On Whitsun-Monday, a day well known in the 'Kalendere,' the 'Commerce,' a noble steamer, started for Wicklow, (where races are annually held,) just when

The morning star appeared
Out of the east, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day was drawing near.

Many persons broke their morning slumbers; for it is a novelty for sober citizens to rise with the lark; and the vessel, obedient to the mighty impetus of its impellent power, 'walked the waters as a thing of life.' A band of musicians on board played 'The Girl I left behind me,' the notes blending beautifully with the plashing of the wave. A motley group, indeed, serious and sedate, gentle-folk and simple-folk, paraded the deck, the faces of most of them, apparently, perfectly undecided whether to be sick or not, never having been on the briny wave before; but the day proving favourable, and the breeze, which scarcely rippled the sea's surface, blowing from the land, the vessel moved smoothly, but majestically, on, without producing the anticipated effects on the biliary organs of the passengers.

The bay of Dublin, admitted to be one of the most beautifully picturesque panoramas known, was now seen under every advantage with which occasional bursts of light and shade could invest it. The bright sunny fields, with their emerald hues, where the sun shone through the fleeting clouds, and the distant rocky hills, embrowned with heath and lichens, illumined and darkened as the sun gleamed on them, gave a luxurious variety to the scene, which poet's pen or painter's pencil would find difficult to pourtray. In the centre of the picture a dense overhanging cloud of smoke denoted the site of the metropolis; on the right arose the Dublin mountains, rich with signs of cultivation; farther out to sea was the noble harbour of Dunleary, stretching its protecting arms upwards of an English mile into the deep; behind the harbour is the rising village of Kingstown, a cognomen it assumed on his majesty's disembarkation in September, 1821. A few years since a few straggling cabins, skirting the bleak and

barren shore, inhabited by fishermen, was all it could boast of; but it bids fair to rival some of the most celebrated English watering-places at present. Three pinnacled hills now meet the view, one of which presents an almost perpendicular wall of granite, where the mountain has been cut away to supply materials for that vast undertaking, Kingstown Harbour. An obelisk rises on the central hill, giving it an effect extremely commanding, as if it were 'king among the three;' and the brown, heath-clad, irregular, sides of the third, serves to preserve the contrast.

Bray Head, with its bold and broken outline, now presents itself; but before we approach it we must pass a small island which lies about a quarter of a mile from the shore. On it stands one of those 'puzzlers of posterity,' a round tower, and the ruins of a fine old castle, built of 'eternal granite;' on the walls of which, Time, the consumer of all things, could not lay a tooth. This isle, in olden time, was the scene of joyous festivity for the citizens of Dublin, and, annually, thousands assembled to witness the coronation of the King and Queen of Dalky, deriving their title, of course, from their territory. The neighbouring fishermen were, at this period, *nunquam non parutus* to ferry over those desirous to witness the mirthful scene; but to return when the day was done, *hic labor est*, one hundred fold was required, and the toll obtained by this stratagem was sufficient to pay the year's rent of the miserable huts they inhabited.

These, like many other customs of by-gone days, have been borne away by the relentless tide of time, nor does one vestige of them remain.

The vessel proudly pushed on her course, dashing the foamy flake far around her, and her path onward was marked by the furrows of foam which her paddles raised as they impelled her through the wave.

One side of a long range of hill, sloping to the shore, whose decline was interspersed with princely mansions, proudly peering above the trees surrounding them, and lowly-roofed cottages, overspread with 'the twining jessamine and blushing rose,' and based upon a golden strand, as well as the purple peak of the 'sugar loaf,' partially concealed in the clouds of the morning, overtopping the whole, led us on to the town of Wicklow, the scene of all our expectations. The sight before us made us doubly feel how

Sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth.

The town is a small, irregularly-built, seaport, erected upon the side of a hill. The whitewashed walls of the houses give it a very cleanly and pleasing appearance. The church, an old fashioned building, with a steeple topped by a sort of Turkish cupola, stands upon an elevated piece of ground, fronting the sea: it

Feb. 1828.

is surrounded with a variety of trees, and commands a very extended prospect of the bay. There is a gloomy-looking old building, called the Black Castle of Wicklow, said to have been built by William Fitzwilliam in 1375. It is erected on a craggy rock, which rises perpendicularly from the sea, by which it is surrounded, except on one side, where there is a deep ravine, over which a draw-bridge seems to have been placed. The race-course is what, in Ireland, we call a morrough, or a bleak barren tract of level ground, saved from the sea: it is almost insulated by the river Leitrim. A bridge of twelve low antiquated arches serves as the landing passage to the town. A stand-house was erected on the course, on one side; and in the centre numerous rude tents, or booths, were pitched: at the entrance of each stood the smiling, ruddy-faced, landlady, whose very looks were enough not only to invite, but to entice the passers-by to be partakers of the luscious fare so alluringly displayed before them. These consisted of well-skewered chickens, in dozens; squares of amber-smoked bacon and ham, resting upon hearts of white cabbage; recently scoured pewter measures, and the newly-painted kegs of 'the real mountain dew.' Where is the Irishman who could resist such appeals to his appetite? and where is the foot that would not, as it were, bound from its very brogue at hearing the heart-stirring reels and jigs jerked from the poor fiddler's and piper's arms? These unfortunate votaries of Orpheus, heedless of every prank of which they were the *prima mobilia*, with rugged, freckled, weather-beaten countenances, stared around them in absolute vacuity, as it were, unless when they eyed 'a jorum of generous liquor,' which some kind-hearted swain placed before them to stir them up to greater exertion, that his agility in cross-steps, back-steps, heel and toe, and one, two, three, might be the more conspicuously displayed before the girl, the possession of whose heart he was aiming at;—and such girls it would be a proud day to win!—The beauty of the surrounding scenery may have helped to set off their charms; but 'charms they from nature inherit.' The bright beaming eye, 'rich with the violet's deep blue dyes;' the fair cheek, slightly freckled, and tinged with the rose-blush of health; the flowing ringlets, set off with the straw hat or bonnet, and simple smile of modesty, which sits upon their cheeks, must catch the eye, and win the heart of the most thoughtless beholder;—even those little lasses, who brought their small baskets of wares to sell, displayed so much of that rural neatness, as must entice one to purchase, even unsolicited.

Gingerbread booths stood around, setting the mouths of the gaping country boys watering to be partakers—the wily gamesters playing what is called 'thimble rig,' a pea with

three thimbles, which are moved about with great sleight and dexterity, so as to preclude the almost possibility of the venturous youths to find under which the pea is placed—gingerbread cakes placed on short pegs in the ground, and on paying 'the small charge of one halfpenny' you are allowed to throw a stick at the cakes; all you throw down you are to be possessor of—but the lookers on, in a scramble, generally leave the thrower nothing for his pains. With these, and several other amusements, which are always the concomitants of our races and fairs, the vacant hours were whiled away.

About two, p. m. anxiety was at the utmost stretch: the rival horses were about starting, every tent was soon emptied of its temporary occupiers, and every thing was bustle and activity; the sedate, old, well mounted farmers not stirring out of a jog trot, lest they should disturb the buckles of their old fashioned wigs, or the sit of their hats; the young squireens, with top boots and buckskin breeches, dashing through thick and thin, regardless of every thing but the coming sport, and riding along crying out 'clear the course;'

foot passengers—men, women, and children—hurrying through and fro, in search of a good spot to 'view the run,' formed one animated mass of confusion and hurry.

The race was ended, and the mass of people gradually retired to the covert of the tents for shelter from the rays of a glowing sun; the citizens, too, went to refresh themselves; but on a sudden the 'Blue Peter' was hoisted on board the steamer. The black smoke, bursting in dense clouds from the tall chimney, and the steam hissing from the safety valve, gave dreadful note of the preparation for sailing—and most of the voyagers preferring to return to their homes, (whether deserving the epithet of 'sweet home' is another question,) hurried to the beach and re-embarked, regretting their sport was so transitory.—The evening was equally favourable as the morning, for

The glassy ocean, hushed, forgets to roar,
And trembling murmurs on the sandy shore;
And, lo! his surface, lovely to behold,
Glows in the west a sea of living gold.

Not a ripple was on the water but where the resistless paddles cut their way, as the vessel rode triumphantly homeward.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.*

HUME, it is said, recommended a lady to read history as a very entertaining species of romance, and Sir Walter Scott seems to be of the same opinion. His novels have made the world acquainted with Scottish history; and the little work before us introduces the same subject into the nursery, and pretty much after the same fashion, in a rather apocryphal form. Sir Walter vouches for the truth of statements on which history has thrown considerable doubt; but he has a right to give Master Lockhart, his grandson, what views he pleases, without being called to account by the critics.

Milton, according to Dr. Johnson, could not carve heads upon cherrystones, though he could write an imperishable epic. All minds are not similarly constituted; some, like the steam-engine, can enrich a province or polish a pin; and few sights can be more acceptable than age toying with infancy, wisdom stooping to the amusement of innocence. Sir Walter, like Charles V., we have no doubt occasionally becomes the hobby of his little ones; and the world must be pleased to find such lofty talent allied to such domestic playfulness.

These little volumes were written for the instruction of the editor of the Quarterly's son, and perhaps had more appropriately been entitled, *Anecdotes of Scottish History*; for they can hardly be called tales. Still they are not the less amusing, and are, perhaps, in the present form more instructive. The facts which they contain lie scattered over Sir Walter's

previous and more laboured productions; the greater portion of them will be found in the notes to his poetical works; but they are here brought together in a more agreeable form. Some of the anecdotes are interesting: we insert a few. The following relates to James V. and the Borderers:

'His (James's) first care was to bring the borders of Scotland to some degree of order. These, as you were formerly told, were inhabited by tribes of men forming each a different clan, as they were called, and obeying no orders save those which were given by their chiefs. These chiefs were supposed to represent the first founder of the name or family. The attachment of the clansmen to the chief was very great; indeed, they paid respect to no one else. In this the Borderers agreed with the Highlanders, as also in their love of plunder, and neglect of the general laws of the country. But the Bordermen wore no tartan dress, and served almost always on horseback, whereas the Highlanders acted always on foot. You will also remember, that they spoke the Scottish language, and not the Gaelic tongue used by the mountaineers. The situation of these clans, on the frontiers, exposed them to constant war, so that they thought of nothing else but collecting bands of their followers together, and making incursions without much distinction, on the English, on the lowland Scots, or upon each other. They paid little respect either to times of truce or to treaties

* *Tales of a Grandfather, being Stories from the History of Scotland.* 18mo. 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1828. Cadell and Co.

of peace, but exercised their depredations without much regard to either, and often occasioned wars which would not otherwise have taken place. It is said of a considerable family on the borders, that when they had consumed all the cattle about the castle, a pair of spurs was placed on the table in a covered dish, as a hint that they must ride out and fetch more. The chiefs and leading men told down their daughters' portions according to the plunder which they were able to collect in the course of a Michaelmas moon, when its prolonged light allowed them opportunity for their freebooting excursions. They were very brave in battle, but in time of peace they were a pest to their Scottish neighbours. As their insolence had risen to a high pitch after the field of Flodden had thrown the country into confusion, James V. resolved to take very severe measures against them.

His first step was to secure the persons of the principal chieftains by whom these disorders were privately encouraged. The earl of Bothwell, the lord Home, lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, Ker of Fairnyhurst, and other powerful chiefs, who might have opposed the king's purposes, were seized and imprisoned in separate fortresses in the low country.

James then assembled an army, in which warlike purposes were united with those of sylvan sport; for he ordered all the gentlemen in the wild districts which he intended to visit to bring in their best dogs, as if his only purpose had been to hunt the deer in these desolate regions. This was intended to prevent the Borderers from taking the alarm, in which case they would have retreated into the mountains and fastnesses, from whence it would have been difficult to dislodge them. These men had indeed no distinct idea of the offences which they had committed, and consequently no apprehension of the king's displeasure against them. The laws had been so long silent in that desolate country, that the outrages which were practised by the strong against the weak, seemed to the perpetrators the natural course of society, and to present nothing that was worthy of punishment. Thus, as the king, in the beginning of his expedition, suddenly approached the castle of Piers Cockburn of Henderland, that baron was in the act of providing a great entertainment to welcome him, when James caused him to be suddenly seized on, and executed. Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, met the same fate. But an event of greater importance was the fate of John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, near Langleeholm. This freebooting chief had risen to great consequence, and the whole neighbouring district of England paid him *black mail*, that is, a sort of tribute, in consideration of which he forebore plundering them. He had a high idea of his own importance, and seems to have been unconscious of having merited any severe usage at

the king's hands. On the contrary, he came to meet his sovereign at a place about ten miles from Hawick, called Carlinrigg chapel, richly dressed, and having with him twenty-four gentlemen, his constant retinue, as well attired as himself. The king, incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, commanded him instantly to be led to execution, saying, "What wants this knave, save a crown, to be as magnificent as a king?" John Armstrong made great offers for his life, offering to maintain himself, with forty men, ready to serve the king at a moment's notice, at his own expense; engaging never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject, as indeed had never been his practice, and undertaking that there was not a man in England, of whatever rank, duke, earl, lord or baron, but he would engage, within a certain time, to present to the king dead or alive. But when the king would listen to none of his offers, he said very proudly, "I am but a fool to ask grace at a graceless face; but had I guessed you would have used me thus, I would have kept the Border side in despite of the King of England and you both; for I well know that King Henry would give the weight of my best horse in gold to know that I am sentenced to die this day." John Armstrong was led to execution, with all his men, and hanged without mercy. The people of the lowland countries were glad to get rid of him, but on the Borders he was both missed and mourned as a brave warrior, and a stout man-at-arms against England.

Such were the effects of the terror struck by these general executions, that James was said to have made the "rush bush keep the cow;" that is to say, that even in this lawless part of the country, men dared no longer make free with property, and cattle might remain on the pastures unwatched.

As these fiery chieftains (Highlanders and Borderers), after the severe chastisement, could no longer, as formerly, attack each other's castles and lands, they were forced to vent their deadly animosities in duels, which were frequently fought in the king's presence, his royal permission being first obtained. Thus Douglas of Drumlanrigg, and Charteris of Amisfield, did battle together in presence of the king, each having accused the other of high treason. They fought on foot, with huge two-handed swords. Drumlanrigg was somewhat blind or shortsighted; and being in great fury, struck about without seeing where he hit; and the laird of Amisfield was not more successful; for his sword broke in the encounter. Upon this, the king caused the battle to cease; and the combatants were with difficulty separated. Thus the king gratified these unruly barons by permitting them to fight in his own presence, in order to induce them to remain at peace elsewhere.

The following account of the rough pastime,

called Tilting, gives a lively idea of the manners of the barons in the fourteenth century :

'A very noted entertainment of this kind was given both to Scottish and English champions by Henry of Lancaster, then called Earl of Derby, and afterwards King Henry IV. of England. He invited the Knight of Liddesdale, the good Sir Alexander Ramsay, and about twenty other distinguished Scottish men, to a tilting match, which took place near Berwick. After receiving and entertaining his Scottish guests nobly, the Earl of Derby began to inquire at Ramsay in what manner of armour the knights should tilt together. "With shields of plate," said Ramsay, "such as men use in tournaments." This may be supposed a peculiarly weighty and strong kind of armour, intended merely for this species of encounter. "Nay," said the Earl of Derby, "we shall gain little if we tilt in such safety; let us rather wear the lighter armour, which we wear in battle." "Content are we," answered Sir Alexander Ramsay, "to fight in our silk doublets, if such be your lordship's pleasure."

The Knight of Liddesdale was wounded on the wrist by the splinter of a spear, and was obliged to desist from the exercise. A Scottish knight, called Sir Patrick Grahame, tilted with a warlike English baron, named Talbot, whose life was saved by his wearing two breastplates. The Scottish lances pierced through both, and sunk an inch into the breast. Had he been only armed, as according to agreement, Talbot had been a dead man. Another English knight challenged the Gra-

hame, at supper time, to run three courses with him the next day. "Dost thou ask to tilt with me?" said the Grahame; "rise early in the morning, confess your sins, and make your peace with God, for you shall sup in Paradise." Accordingly, on the ensuing morning, Grahame ran him through the body with his lance, and he died on the spot. Another English knight was also slain, and one of the Scots mortally wounded. William Ramsay was borne through the helmet with a lance, the splinter of the broken spear remaining in his skull, and nailing his helmet to his head. As he was expected to die upon the spot, a priest was sent for, who heard him confess his sins, without the helmet being removed. "Ah, it is a goodly sight," quoth the good Earl of Derby, much edified by this spectacle, "to see a knight make his shrift (that is, confession of his sins) in his helmet. God send me such an ending?"

'But when the shrift was over, Alexander Ramsay, to whom the wounded knight was brother, or kinsman, made him lie down at full length, and with surgery as rough as their pastime, held his friend's head down with his foot, while, by main strength, he pulled the fragment of the spear out of the helmet and out of the wound. Then William Ramsay started up, and said, "that he should do well enough." "Lo! what stout hearts men may bear," said the Earl of Derby, as much admiring the surgical treatment as he had done the religious. Whether the patient lived or died does not appear.'

IRISH FAIRIES.

It has been well observed that those who believe upon evidence may believe any thing. From the days of Homer to those of Le Cat, we have veracious testimony respecting a defunct race of giants. The worthy Frenchman saw a skeleton at Rouen which measured no less than seventeen feet in length; and that no one might doubt of the fact, he mentions a brass plate, on which was engraved his name, Ricon de Valmont. We have Plutarch's authority for stating that the remains of Antæus were thirty yards long. Apollonius goes a little beyond him, for his giant measured fifty! Evidence of altitude, however, is nothing to that which we have respecting a diminutive race. Dean Monro tells us that in one of the Western Isles stands a kirk built by pigmies, in the porch of which their bones repose. He exhumed one himself, and saw that it was 'of wonderful little quantity, illegit to be bairs of the said pigmies, quhilk may be likely, according to sundry histories.' The dean must not have his veracity questioned, although neither the kirk nor the island is now to be found; for Collins has

given the fact a place in his ode on the popular superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland.

—that hoar pile which still its ruins shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And calls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground.

Perhaps the dean's pigmies were fairies, seen through the medium of Highland second-sight; for the belief in these tiny people, 'who look not like the inhabitants of earth, and yet are on it,' was once universal, and is, perhaps, yet more general than the admirers of Bell and Lancaster would willingly admit. There is nothing in the fact, however, whether it be made use of to frighten obstinate boys and girls into premature repose, or disturb timid children of a larger growth, to alarm the advocates of knowledge. The once universal superstition is giving way rapidly before the progress of education, and we question if the remotest hills and dales of Ireland and Scotland could furnish many firm believers. Their creed is a poetical, not a religious, one. Before the world, however, becomes sceptical on the point, the philosopher should analyse

the once popular creed, and we are greatly mistaken if his labour would not throw some additional light upon the history of the human mind. Mr. Croker, and some of his countrymen—the Grimms of Ireland—have furnished abundant material; but great care should be taken not to confound, as the peasantry everywhere have done, the belief in fairies with a belief in less attractive monsters of the imagination. The popular fancy is not quite so prolific as is generally supposed; the fairy legends of Ireland were once those of the world, and are so still, though under the various modifications which different modes of thinking, and opposite manners, have introduced.

The science of fairy mythology, when separated from the connexions which modern indifference has sanctioned, is easily understood; and, restored to its primitive simplicity, will be found to coincide, precisely, with that which, having its birth in Persia, subsequently prevailed over the oriental world—that imaginative storehouse from which we have drawn our fairy lore. Originally, no doubt, it was Celtic, whatever Pinkerton may say; and though the worshippers of the Gothic Odin have disfigured, by admixture, the fair creation, enough still remains to remind us of its primitive beauty. In England, patent printing presses and weekly reviews (God save the mark!) have nearly driven the *Dhadine maha* (good people) of Ireland and Scotland from the country, as the Roman arms did the Druids; but in the latter kingdoms the miniature race still lingers, if we believe Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Crofton Croker. The author of 'Waverley' has, in his notes to the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' admitted us to a full view of the popular doctrine respecting northern fairies; and in the former series of this work, and in the 'Fairy Legends,' the Irish creed on the same subject is more amusingly developed. As Mr. Croker, however, has worked up dissenting superstitions into the same tale, we shall endeavour to give a more distinct notion of fairy lore; and we do so the more willingly, as it will be found that the Irish gentlemen have preserved the oriental features of their family more unaltered than elsewhere.

The Irish fairies are a diminutive little people, dressed in round caps and red jackets, much given to hurling, inclined to be polite and civil, but extremely irritable, and capable of effecting much mischief, when disposed to be unruly. Like the Persian *peri*, they belong to a better world, could they gain admittance into it, and are very anxious to ascertain whether the golden bolts of Paradise will revolve for them at the great judgment day. On this question they have, as yet, in vain interrogated many a goodly divine; but, from the rage for polemics in Ireland, it is to be hoped the progress of theology will enable

some saint to give them an answer. Their chief places of abode are raths and motes; and some people are unkind enough to accuse them of stealing children—and this, in a country so prolific as Ireland, might be pardoned, did they not also carry off mothers to suckle them. But the charge stands in need of support—perhaps it is not a fairy offence.

Although they are all known, like the Tartars, by their family features, they are of different species, or have at least different pursuits. The *Banshee* assumes the shape and dress of an old Milesian female, and makes it the business of her life to intimate to her friends the approaching termination of theirs. Fastidious in her choice, she mourns no vulgar death; she weeps for the fate of the high-born only; and makes the most clamour for those of the 'real blood.' On such occasions she is to be heard, during night, in the neighbourhood of the sick, or perhaps is to be seen, in the attitude of feminine distress, near some 'ivy-clad ruin,' which is fortunate enough to be reflected in a pellucid lake beneath. Her cries are loud, and shrill, and melancholy; and the whole is rendered still more imposing by the mechanical habit she has of slapping her long, skinny, withered hands. In Ireland, it was once honourable to be warned of death by so piteous a messenger.

The *Luprechaun* has nothing sepulchral about him; being a squat, merry little fellow, who delights, like our modern dandies, in smoking a cigar. More industrious, however, than they generally are, he is seldom idle; and, as a fancy shoemaker, is in great repute among his friends of the fair sex. His manners are of the old school; his dress of the last century. He wears buckles in his shoes; a three-cocked hat upon his head; and never travels without his *kit*. When seen, evil times, or a 'hard summer,' at least, are to be expected; but the ruin of others is the commencement of the beholder's fortune, if he know how to avail himself of the circumstance. He has nothing to do but pounce upon the little fellow, seize him by the back of the neck, turn him between his eyes and the sun, and demand any boon he please: it will be granted, unless he avert his head; and alas! so seductive is the *Luprechaun's blarney*, that few can resist him. He appeals to your humanity; assures you that boundless treasures are to be found in a certain place; and when your expectations are at the highest, he stops short, and coolly asks, 'Who is that listening?' Thrown off your guard, you avert your head; and, like the gods of Homer, he melts into thin air, and you seek in vain for the marks by which to ascertain the place where the treasure was to be found. In 1821 a woman, according to the 'Carlow Morning Post,' caught one not far from that town!

The *Cluricaune* is another jolly little fellow

also, fond of good wine and race horses; and the better to indulge in his propensities, he is to be found only in the cellars of *bon vivants*, or perchance upon the back of a thorough bred advocate for the gold cup at the Curragh.

Not so the *Phooka*. He is, Proteus-like—any thing you please. He knocks his head against Paddy when returning from fair or *pattern*, in the form of a bull or a buffalo, a dragon or an eagle. The son of the sod, nothing loth, being at the moment any body's customer, mounts his back, indifferent to the form he may assume, and rides a race, to which John Gilpin's was mere child's play. He bounces over precipices, swims through rivers, and climbs up castle walls; while the alarmed equestrian, like a plethoric dreamer, suffers no injury, though conscious of being in imminent peril. Sometimes he mounts upon the pinnacle of a tower or steeple, and amuses himself with the rider's distress by pretending now to fall over to the right, and then to the left, Paddy all the time exhausting his eloquence for permission to escape; but without the least spark of anger. How could he be displeased with one, who, like himself, is only 'harmlessly mischievous,'—who does it all out of 'pure fun?'

The next, and last, is the *Lenauntshee*, a thing of very doubtful generation, and, like the Irish wolf-dog, implacable in resentment—unalterable in friendship. It frequently happens that Paddy performs wonders in a fair fight against considerable odds; the thing would be an absolute miracle, were the explanation not found in the invisible aid afforded by his *Lenauntshee*, who can deal around blows with scientific skill. Many a combatant is struck to the ground by other than mere mortal blows.

Such are the subdivisions of fairy land; for the *Fetch* does not belong to it; and the interference of one or all of these tiny chieftains in human concerns constitutes the fairy lore of Ireland. It might be supposed that a people with active fancies would have among them innumerable tales connected with these genii; but the fact is otherwise. They have modified oriental traditions, without adding to them; and the different stories of the peasantry do not really exceed a dozen, with all of which the public have recently been made familiar. We had intended to say a few words on fairy mythology generally; but these observations must suffice for the present.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.*

INDIA swarms with a British population, and consequently there are few amongst us who are not connected, in some manner, directly or remotely, with individuals resident in that singular and interesting portion of the globe; yet, strange to say, our knowledge of the habits and manners of the European inhabitants is far from being accurate or extensive; we actually know much more respecting the natives than we do of the colonists; and, however few the books are that relate to India, the number calculated to illustrate the manners of the European population in that country is small indeed. This probably arises, in some measure, from want of curiosity on our parts, supposing, as many are likely to do, that the same people will have the same feelings and habits every where. This view of the matter, however, is essentially erroneous; climate and circumstances cause considerable alterations, and though the great leading features may be alike, there is no small dissimilarity in minor points. Efforts have been recently made to persuade us of this fact, and the work before us is written for the express purpose of introducing us, after a *novel* manner, into the fashionable circles at Madras. The author has chosen to convey his information through the medium of a tale; and, after perusing his three volumes, we are obliged to confess, that our increase of knowledge has been very trifling, and our entertainment less. We certainly expected

more from the author of '*Pandurang Hari*' than three volumes filled with gossip, which may have been fashionable at Madras, and the uninteresting history of a very insipid heroine. This lady was delivered very mysteriously, during the Irish Rebellion of 1798, into the hands of Major Carrol, who resided at Clonmines, in the county of Wexford. She grows up beautiful and accomplished, and lest she should throw the Miss Carrols into the shade, their mother prevailed upon the Major to send Miss Eleanor Riley, (so the heroine was called,) out to India, to the care of an old gentleman, named Hawes. During the voyage she falls in love with a Mr. Onslow, who is every thing a lover should be, and consequently every lady on board was jealous. In good time they arrived at the place of their destination.

'How strange appeared every person and thing around Eleanor! Servants glided past her in respectful silence, anticipating her very wish, like slaves of Aladdin's lamp. Mrs. Hawes appeared not to trouble herself to give an order, yet refreshment was placed upon the table, in a spacious hall, with due regularity; and this mid-day repast Eleanor was informed was styled a *tiffin*, which, in fact, she considered as nothing more or less than a regular dinner. Curry, rice soup, fruit, wine, beer, cheese and ham were offered her in succession; servants were employed in moving and swing-

* *The English in India*. By the author of '*Pandurang Hari*,' and '*The Zenana*.' 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1828. Simpkin and Marshall.

ing a punkah† over their heads; whilst Mrs. Hawes's little black boy, Malapah, brushed the flies from the viands with a chowrie.‡ The dishes being done with, and the meal concluded, by a single motion of Teddy Hawes's hand every thing disappeared in an instant, without noise or confusion. The colonel then indulged in the luxury of smocking his hookah, a piece of mechanism to which Eleanor was a perfect stranger, and who imagined, on its first introduction and application to her guardian's mouth, that he was about to entertain them with a performance on some musical instrument; her surprise therefore to see all end in smoke may be well conceived. On retiring with Mrs. Hawes, this, as well as many other strange contrivances around the house, was duly explained.

'In no place in the world, perhaps, does there exist so much gossip, which, when indulged in, generally turns into decided scandal, as at the presidencies of India; people seem to have nothing else to do but act as spies on each other. The arrival of a ship full of passengers, affords the most piquant feast for the tatlers and scandal-mongers to glut themselves on; and little do the lady passengers think what an ordeal of scrutiny into their names, families, manners, conduct, persons and accomplishments awaits them. Notwithstanding, women receive the most unremitting attention in India, either in a married or single state; both because their society is scarce, and because they are agreeable.'

The landing of some male passengers, and the incidents attending it, afford room for the author's further reflections. As this is one of the few passages which treats of colonial manners, we extract it.

'Much is talked of concerning the hospitality of the English in India, but, reader, be not deceived—we admit that there is much extravagance, but little kindness to be met with!—who noticed poor Lapwing?—who offered to aid him in the slightest manner?—alas! no one even pitied him, save that heart which could always feel for another! yes, Eleanor really felt concerned for him, yet she was helpless as himself; a stranger, thrown on the mercy of a man whom she feared possessed but little of the milk of human kindness. Harcourt and Wiffen, on landing, proceeded to the residences of the gentlemen to whom they were specially recommended; the former to a Mr. Riddlesworth, an agent, and the latter to Mr. Brasswaith, second member of council. Harcourt was at once plunged into luxury and extravagance. Mr. Riddlesworth's house was filled with company; gaming and feasting formed their chief amusement. Billiards, chess, backgammon, and whist were strong temptations to a young man, especially when all the party were engaged therein: in short, it appeared

to Harcourt as if every one was striving to get rid of an already acquired fortune, instead of endeavouring to secure one. Mr. Riddlesworth kept race horses, devoting much attention to the delights of the turf: he was a bachelor, and intended to remain so, notwithstanding half the young ladies of the place had endeavoured to captivate him; his partner, Mr. Stonehurst, lived with him, and though he kept no horses for the turf himself, entered most cordially into the sports thereof. If Harcourt was astonished at the constant rattle of the billiard balls and backgammon board on the Saturday, the day after his arrival, how was he surprised and shocked at the early commencement of the games on the Sunday! As early as ten in the morning, Mr. Riddlesworth's friends appeared, and stripped to their shirt sleeves, began a match at billiards; then followed the backgammon and chess, every one calling for beer and brandy *ad libitum*; such rattle, noise, and drawing of corks, Harcourt had never before witnessed; at first, he imagined Mr. Riddlesworth kept rather low company; but was soon undeceived, by learning that the guests were composed of the principal people in the settlement, civil and military.'

Onslow and Eleanor are of course desperately in love with each other. The scandal-mongers of the place are at work to defame the orphan, Miss Riley, who is nevertheless an object of universal regard, so much so that a plot is formed to carry her off from a masquerade. The plan is fortunately defeated, and the chief actor is apprehended and brought to trial.

'The court consisted of three judges; but one having died, and another proceeded to Bombay, only one now sat upon the bench;—this was Sir Arthur Butler; a kind, considerate, mild judge, but, evidently, no lawyer, nor possessed of a vast share of perspicuity or discrimination. Prejudiced in favour of the natives, he gave implicit credit to their depositions, and was ever ready to believe them the prey of crafty attorneys, and avaricious barristers. In this idea he erred considerably; a native looks twice at his rupee, before he parts with it, and is by far more indefatigable in his endeavours to cheat the lawyer, than the lawyer is anxious to take advantage of the client. The native is fully aware of the attorney's bill, and proceeds in so cautious a manner as not to swell it out more than necessary. He takes care to have no charges for summonses and subpoenas; carefully secreting his witnesses, not allowing the attorney to see them on pretence of learning what they mean to depose to, and charging for the same. So over cautious are they, as to be often known to lose a cause for want of expending a few rupees, where they could have been most profitably laid out; no argument of the attorney

† A fan.

‡ A brush of long horse hair.

can effect them ; the more he urges them for their own benefit, the more convinced are they he does so for his own. In short, to gain a cause by a straightforward course is no source of pleasure to a native. To cheat the attorney, baffle the barrister, deceive the judge, and thus succeed, is productive of the greatest delight in the native's breast. It was bold, but well said of an attorney to the judge, who had been throwing out hints that a plaintiff in a cause had been pigeoned by the profession—"If you think, my lord, I have been screwing the rupees out of my client, and demanding more than my regular charges, your lordship was never more mistaken in your life ; and if you think it is to be done with any of the natives, I wish you would try to do it, and flatter myself your lordship would be quickly convinced I state the truth."

'The great shrewdness and penetration of even the lowest of the natives in India, is astonishing. An attorney may, if so disposed, feed with false hopes, lead into an endless labyrinth, and extract the guineas from a countryman in England, tell him he lost his cause because the judge was a fool, or because he had not expended money enough, and entice him into a second attempt ; but these shallow subterfuges are unsuccessful with Hindoos and Mahomedans. In England, the bold and confident attorney will pretend to understand a man's cause better than the client himself ; but an Indian soon shews the lawyer, that he alone understands the machinery of the dispute, and seldom lets his legal advisers into the real merits of the case. When, therefore, a cause is determined, it is a fact that very often neither judge, jury, nor lawyers know whether they have administered justice or not ; whether the suit is founded on truth, or got up amongst the cause-mongers in the bazaar. European attorneys and barristers, by regulation and custom, must be employed ; but every suitor, every client, long ere he visits the English attorney, has already employed, what he calls, his bazaar lawyer, who is, generally, some fellow of great shrewdness, who spends his time in the court, and attends to the judge's opinions and decisions, even in the most trifling cause ; knowing that the same

law, the same feeling and opinion, must exist in a similar cause of large amount, no time is lost in manufacturing one, by these bazaar lawyers, who having, with their remarkable clear, and long sight, foreseen, and provided against, all the difficulties and probable obstacles which may occur, send the fictitious plaintiff well instructed, and thoroughly drilled to an English lawyer, to whom he divulges just as much of his cause as he pleases, and pays as little as he can help. In England the people avoid a court of justice ; in India they flock around it : it is their exchange—their lottery office ; the emporium of all advantageous commodities ; their help, and grand assistant towards the accumulation of riches : bowing low to the judge, and respectfully to the barristers, who "let out for hire their passions and their words," the natives look upon them as mere puppets, to be moved how, and when they please ; perhaps a crafty native is enabled to gain his ends, oftener than he would otherwise do, by the want of a jury, who are never employed in civil causes : however this may be, we must leave to be considered by those interested in the strict administration of justice.'

The delinquents are found guilty ; but this did not prevent them from prosecuting their design : a subsequent attempt proved successful : they carried our heroine to a considerable distance, and confined her in a place of security. Here she found, most romantically, a secret door, and, more romantically still, discovered her father confined in the dungeon beneath it ! She might have remained for years in the enemy's power but for the assistance of a friend, who, most un-sentimentally, conveyed her out of the fortress by secreting her in an empty beer barrel. Her father proved to be the heir of Clonmines ; and her lover having been enriched by the death of a wealthy uncle, a marriage terminates at once their vexations and the novel.

This is flimsy enough ; and the subordinate characters introduced do not heighten the interest. In general, they are intolerable bores, and their 'sayings and doings' throw but a feeble and imperfect light upon the state of society in India.

STANZAS.

As from its proud mansion the sun-beam is stealing,
And hails with its splendor the bright orb of day,
And clad in rich vestures its light is revealing,
O'er nature's wide works in their fairest array.
Oh ! sweeter, far sweeter, than this is the sigh
And the beam of affection in beauty's bright eye.
Or as when from the ocean fierce surges are breaking,
And the proud cheek of man is turned pale with dismay,
And the hard load of sorrow our bosom is shaking,
To soften our woes, and to banish decay,
Oh ! then is the time that life's sorrows will fly
At the smile of affection in beauty's bright eye.

For centuries subsequent to the invasion of Leinster, the English power was circumscribed in Ireland: the Normans, who inhabited the pale, as a limited district around the metropolis was called, were regarded merely as the successors of the Esterlings; as a people to be at once respected for their bravery and plundered for their wealth. The distant Ardriaghs, or chieftains, were too much occupied in defending their little kingdoms, or invading those of their neighbours, to bestow any consideration on the English colony. The times were favourable to foreign encroachment. A people who delighted in war, and whose narrow views were limited to immediate policy, were incapable of foreseeing the consequences that resulted from unjust assumption and tolerated possession. But if the ignorance of the period is reproachful to the Irish, most certainly the English cannot expect to escape censure. Under circumstances the most auspicious they failed to acquire either security or dominion; cooped up in Dublin, they dared not dispute the sovereignty of distant toparchs, who continued for centuries to administer Irish laws, to call native feudal parliaments, to coin money, and perform all other duties which the economy of their state demanded.*

Nor was this the only indignity offered to the crown of England, if its wearer was *really* the monarch of Ireland; for the seat of royalty—the capital of the pale—was frequently compelled to purchase the forbearance of neighbouring chieftains by an annual tribute, denominated Black Mail. To do the hardy colony justice, they were not insensible to the disgrace; and when opportunity presented itself, were not slow to resume their independence, and refuse compliance with the compact to which their necessities, not their wills, consented. Such, however, were the misfortunes of the pale, that it was seldom in a condition, for any length of time, to withstand the hostile irruptions of the Birns, Tooles, and Cavanaghs, whose possessions stretched from the Barrow to within a few miles of Damegate.

When plagues and famines—and they were frequent in their recurrence—had thinned the inhabitants, or when distant and fatal expeditions—for they once invaded Scotland—had impaired their resources, the O'Birns or the O'Tooles were sure to pour down upon them, and retire only with hostages as an assurance that the Black Mail would be paid in future.

A combination of calamities had sometimes, previous to the year 1303, compelled the citizens of Dublin to submit to a renewal of the indignity, and Robert le Decer, the son of the provost, was detained as a hostage for the fulfilment of the terms imposed by the O'Toole of Glendalough. In these days, as well as in modern times, political compacts endured no longer than as it suited the interests of the contracting parties to act up to the terms of the treaty, and hostilities were frequently commenced at the expence of those who remained as securities in the hands of the enemy.

One fine morning in the summer of 1303, a large crowd of persons had assembled in the neighbourhood of Thomas Gate; it consisted chiefly of females, children, and elderly men; and from the anxiety which was pictured upon every countenance, it was apparent that they were in expectation of some intelligence in which the inhabitants of Dublin were deeply interested. Some were engaged in audible prayer, and some endeavoured to banish fear from themselves and others by prognostications of good news. A few citizens mounted guard upon the battlements; and though the duty of a sentinel was then but imperfectly understood, they felt that a certain responsibility was imposed upon them, and accordingly showed, in their consequential strut backwards and forwards, that they were vain of their arms, and perhaps more vain of their persons. The bow was flung upon their backs; the quiver was filled with arrows, and one or two were clothed in coats of mail. To the unwieldy two-handed sword, the Irish skein was added, and here and there the halbert lay carelessly against the wall of the prison, for Newgate then stood about

* See Ware, Harris, &c. &c.

the spot where Thomas Street now commences.

'I wonder,' said one, 'how do Negle's irons agree with Mac Balthor's legs, within here?' and he knocked his heel against the exterior wall of the prison.

'He's little concerned, I wot,' replied his companion, 'for he'll soon dance an Irish trot on Hog's Green.'

'Not by himself,' said the first; 'I hope our townsmen have been successful enough to afford a few to keep him company.'

'An 'twere a pity, too,' said a third, 'for what worse is he than the O'Birns and O'Tooles? he steals fat cattle and fat aldermen, and so do they; yet we hang the one and pay Black Mail to the others.'

'Tis all a case,' said the first speaker, 'the heads of the wild Irish rebels should grace these spikes here that stand in want of their usual ornaments since the Mac Tuhills forced us to strip them; but, please heaven, we will recover our credit by and by, and hang every man of them. There can be no peace for the pale while an Irishman lives.'

'That's but too true,' rejoined the third, 'and this had long since been the case, were not the colony dealt hard with by plagues and famines.'

Here the conversation was interrupted by a voice from the top of the battlement calling out, 'They come, they come!' This was followed by a shout of exultation, and in a few minutes the black banner which the citizens bore in times of hostility became visible on the heights of Kilmainham, in the midst of columns of dust, which intimated the approach of the cavalcade. The crowd now simultaneously rushed forward to greet the martial citizens, whose heroism on this occasion was crowned with victory. John le Decer, the provost, for Dublin had then no lord mayor, bowed to the greeting multitude as he rode in the van of his companions, who followed in that disorder which then characterized the movements of hostile numbers. Here and there the head* of an Irish enemy

was elevated upon a pole, and the sight of each bleeding fragment only served to heighten the joy of the citizens. Huddled together, about twenty prisoners marched along amidst the jeers and insults of their captors; but, undismayed at the probable fate which awaited them, they acknowledged the ungenerous treatment of the victors by looks in which scorn and despair were intimately blended. These Kerns exhibited in their persons a fair specimen of the Irish soldier of the period, and the *tout ensemble* was such as to elicit the admiration of their enemies.† The absurd customs of other climes had not been then introduced into the island; nature was allowed to exert her privileges, and the result was the full development of manly beauty. Tall, but elegantly proportioned, their sinewy limbs and elastic frames indicated the utmost activity; and it would seem that they were conscious of the possession of physical beauty, for their dress was studiously adapted to give the utmost effect to their personal endowments. The thruse adhered closely to the limbs,‡ and the vest, like ancient armour, accommodated itself to the inequalities of the body; while the mantle of the Kerns, from its shortness, being not longer than a modern pelerine, did not conceal any part of the body, or restrain the wearer from personal exertion. At the period to which we allude, the barred, or cap, was not universally worn. Fond of long flowing locks, the hair was considered as a sufficient covering for the head; and, unlike the Saxons,§ who shaved the upper lip, the Irish, in anticipation, as it would appear, of modern times, shaved the chin, but cherished formiable mustachios.

Such was the dress worn by the captives, who now stared around them with vague feelings of regret and revenge; while the proud citizens, clothed in their leathern doublets, regarded them as mere ferocious savages, whom it was meritorious to rob and butcher, when either could be done with impunity. Beside this *prey*, there were a hundred head

* These were for the purpose of ornamenting the city gates; a barbarous custom which prevailed in England and Ireland until a very late period.—See Harris, Ware, &c.

† See Cambrensis.

‡ Tacitus describes some of the German tribes as similarly dressed; and an old writer becomes indelicate from the minuteness with which he dwells upon particular parts of the Gothic wardrobe.

§ See Strutt.

of black cattle, the sight of which increased the general joy.

All was now bustle and gladness; for the public had no sympathy with the few who mourned, the relations who were killed, or had fallen into the hands of the enemy, as the Irish were then called.

In a short time the city authorities were assembled. They congratulated each other on the success of their *hosting* into the O'More's country; for though the citizens depended chiefly on trade, they sometimes imitated the barons and great men of the age, by resorting to very summary, if not very honest, means of enriching themselves. Flushed with victory, they resolved to follow up their success, and instead of paying Black Mail to the Mac Tuhills, they determined to make an incursion into their country. Here, however, a difficulty arose; it was recollected that Robert le Decer was an hostage at Glendalough, and any violation of the compact on their parts would certainly place his life in some danger. This puzzled the good citizens, and after some hours spent in discussion, they adjourned undecided, to digest that, along with other matters, in the hall of the tholsel, where those good things were prepared, which martial, as well as peaceable, citizens delight to discuss.

The gates were shut, and the citizens had sought repose, when the provost was shown into a dark, damp dungeon of the city prison. 'Do you sleep, M'Balthor?' inquired the provost, as he held the lantern up to the face of a man, who, wrapped up in his mantle, sat silently upon a rude stone, the only furniture of the place. 'Sleep,' repeated the prisoner, sarcastically, looking around him and snuffing up the filthy odour of the place; 'where, Saxon, would you have me stretch myself? besides, I can't afford to sleep just now.'

'For planning some new scheme of robbery?'

'Of vengeance you mean,' interrupted the prisoner.

'It may be so,' returned the provost, 'but first the laws must take vengeance upon you. You have burnt our dwellings, you have butchered our citizens, you have robbed us——'

'Of useless *pollards*,*' interrupted the prisoner. 'But,' he continued, rising, 'who are you who makes the charge? only this day you have pillaged an Irish country, and butchered an unoffending people, and yet you come and reproach M'Balthor.'

'You mistake me,' said the chief magistrate, 'I come on an errand of friendship, if you choose to seek the English protection, and accept of English gratitude.'

The prisoner raised his eyes in wonder.

'You know the M'Tuhill of Glendalough,' continued the provost; 'within the palace, as he calls it, of that chieftain, is detained as an hostage an only son of mine.'

'I know the remainder,' interrupted the prisoner; 'you have such an abhorrence of robbery, that you want me to steal even M'Tuhill's hostage. And suppose I do, what then?'

'Twenty ounces of pure gold will be your reward; but if not——'

'Never mind the rest; I know what you was going to say;—if not, M'Balthor's locks will float in the morning's breeze from the top of Newgate. Better men have even met a worse fate; but am I at liberty? Unloose these fetters, and the young sassanach shall be here before ten days expire, to feed upon the O'Mores' beef.'

The provost led M'Balthor out of the prison, and the wicker being unlocked, the outlaw regained his liberty. By the light of the moon the shadows of half a dozen heads were distinctly seen upon the open space before the gate, reflected from their 'bad eminence' over the barrier, and instinctively the robber turned to look upon them. 'Fortune,' he ejaculated, 'is still favourable: the Saxons have not yet ornamented their skeins with my sconce, and by St. Patrick 'twill be my fault if ever they do. But——' he paused—'aye, that will do,' he continued, and having mentally arranged his future plans, he walked rapidly forward.

The reader need not be told of the exact geographical position of Glendalough; if he have never been there, he has only to consult any Irish Itinerary, or Mr. Wright's Guide to the County of Wicklow, to learn that the name is de-

* A base, or rather a clipped, coin.

rived from two picturesque lakes, surrounded with wild and rugged hills, and that the place was once distinguished as the abode of piety and learning. Its ruins serve now to point a moral, and vindicate the ancient inhabitants of Ireland from the flippant charges of ignorance and barbarism so frequently urged against them. Here are specimens of architecture still remaining of an order that prove the erection of some of the buildings to have taken place previous to the days of christianity; and hieroglyphics, which the learned are unable to explain. Amidst the monuments of the dead are the tombs of the M'Tuhills, or O'Tooles, bearing evidence, in the epitaphs, of this family having exercised the duties of royalty for centuries subsequent to the reign of Henry II. Previous to the twelfth century, they occasionally swayed the sceptre of Leinster; and, in later times, ruled, conjointly with the O'Birns and the O'Kavanaghs, that long ridge of hills which stretch from the county of Kilkenny to within a few miles of Dublin. Their jurisdiction was acknowledged by the English monarchs; and the election of the Ardriagh was still regulated by those Gothic customs—for they were not Celts—which were based on national independence. At the period to which our tale relates, a M'Tuhill was raised to the chieftaincy, and, like the predecessors of his family, he took up his abode in the venerable city of Glendalough. In early life he was distinguished for an active bravery, and his many successes in war had no small share in procuring his elevation to the chief command. Age, however, had not diminished his desire of glory, and the neighbouring toparchs still showed, by their submission, that they dreaded at once his skill and bravery.

Glendalough was then the abode of piety, and somewhat of opulence: its splendid churches—its many religious edifices—now, alas! an undistinguished heap of ruins—necessarily begot an active and industrious population; and, as a certain refinement had begun to pre-

vail,* those who wished to distinguish themselves otherwise than by deeds of arms took up their residence where luxury might display itself, and devotion find security from hostile interruption. The dwellings of laymen were similar to those of other nations—hastily constructed of such materials as convenience recommended. The Irish excelled in constructing houses of wood;† and such was the case at Glendalough. The habitation of the Ardriagh was spacious and lofty; and, as hospitality was the characteristic of the times, the hall was constantly crowded with guests. The insecurity of the period did not allow of expenditure in ornaments.

At a short distance from this primitive palace stood the mansion of the Tanist. To him was committed the care of the national finances, and as the different hostages were connected with these, they of course resided in his house. Though eager to overreach each other, and though not a whit more sincere than the great of modern times, there was a rude honor and individual confidence amongst men which were highly favourable to social intercourse and toleration. Vengeance was then prompt and rife, but the cool calculating tyranny of advanced civilization was unknown. The hostages were treated with kindness; there was no jealous watching, no secrecy observed. The strangers found themselves the guests of friends rather than of enemies, and had nothing to regret except a temporary absence from home. Young le Decer at first wondered at every thing he saw; but a few weeks served to convince him that the habits and manners of the people approximated very closely to those of Englishmen; among whom he had spent several years of his boyhood. Their customs, so different from those of the citizens of Dublin—the gaiety of their disposition, their careless indolence, their carousals, music and revelry, as well as their martial vauntings, filled the youthful hostage with sentiments of admiration; and when contrasted with the sober monotony of a

* Learning, though dimmed, had not disappeared in the twelfth and succeeding centuries: nearly all the *Duen Wassels* were acquainted with classical literature; they wrote and spoke Latin fluently. See *Cambrensis*, *Stuart's Armagh*, and *Hardiman's Irish Deeds*.

† Bede tells us that the first churches in England were built after the Irish fashion. Domestic dwellings were constructed of clay and wood—specimens of which remain to this day; and it is recorded that St. Thomas a Becket spread clean straw daily on the floor, to prevent his guests from soiling their clothes.

town life, left within his breast a vague desire to adopt the Irish and forego the English customs. Perhaps love had some influence upon his meditations. The Tanist had an only daughter, whose youth and beauty were well calculated to make an impression upon a mind formed for the admission of tender sentiments. Dorgiva shared in common with her then unsophisticated countrywomen all those graces of person which 'need not the foreign aid of ornament,' but her vicinity to the abode of religious societies afforded her an opportunity of cultivating her various talents, and acquiring a degree of mind which is necessary to make the attractions of beauty irresistible and permanent. In le Decer she soon discovered talents similar to her own; and, without any motive but the desire of conversing with one familiar with kindred studies, she did not offer any formidable resistance to the temptation of his society. On his part he was at first ambitious to please, but mere acts of gallantry soon yielded dominion to sentiments of regard; and though he never ventured upon an avowal, there was a mutual understanding, as distinct and ample as if declarations had been made and accepted. When the first flush of happiness, however, had subsided, and reflection came, as it often does, to administer draughts of bitterness, there was felt by each an undefined sentiment of alarm; they belonged to families and nations irrevocably opposed to each other, and whose national prejudices would never sanction a union between individuals belonging to the mere Irish and the English colonists. But love is seldom unsuccessful in administering balm to wounded spirits; their fears were heard only in privacy and solitude; for they no sooner came into each other's society, than every sentiment but those of tenderness and regard was banished from their bosoms. Dorgiva touched her harp with animation, and le Decer listened with that rich rapture which a lover only can feel when listening to skilful melody, poured from the ripe lips of a beloved mistress.

The encroachments of evening were no where felt so soon and so decidedly as at Glendalough. The surrounding hills, then clothed in rich foliage, in intercepting the rays of the declining sun, served to throw a sombre shade

over the romantic valley; and, as the tolling of the bells of the different monasteries inviting to prayer, and the chant of the pious monks instilling reverence and devotion, commingled, as it were, with the stillness of evening, the hour was felt as one of tranquil gladness, mellowed by religious hope, and calculated to awaken the best and purest feelings of the human heart. On such an evening Dorgiva and le Decer strolled along the margin of the lake towards the sequestered abode of a pious recluse, whose austerities and simplicity had left scepticism no room to doubt of his sincerity. It had not been their first visit; and the good old man felt pleased with the attention, and repaid it by impressing upon their minds brief moral maxims and practical precepts, relating to religious duties. On this occasion he was more diffuse than usual, and his pupils were detained beyond the usual hour of departure. Just as they arose a person entered, another followed, and presently the rude abode of the anchorite was filled with armed strangers.

'What mean ye, my sons?' asked the hermit; 'whom seek you here?'

'The son of the Saxon provost,' was the reply.

'M'Walter,' said Dorgiva, addressing the leader of the band as her lover drew his sword, 'Robert le Decer is an hostage in the hands of the O'Toole.'

'And a captive in the hands of Dorgiva,' answered the outlaw; 'but we shall find one better befitting a daughter of Erin than a base sassanach churl, even though it were M'Walter, or rather M'Balthor, for such, fair lady, is my real name.'

This intelligence was astounding. M'Balthor was notorious for his deeds of robbery and bloodshed; but under the assumed name of M'Walter had gained admittance to the hearth of the Tanist, and made proposals for the hand of his daughter. Dorgiva, however, had an instinctive abhorrence of the man, and loathed him with that strong hatred which woman feels for an obtrusive suitor. The sad reality now flashed upon her; and, before she could make any reply to the alarming intimation contained in his last words, his followers laid rude hands upon herself and her lover, and bore them blindfolded from the hermitage. Le Decer made all

possible resistance, but his struggles were in vain; and, though he had every reason to feel alarmed on his own account, he thought only of the unprotected Dorgiva. It was about midnight when his captors came to a halt; and, from some lights visible at a distance, he fancied that they could not be far from Dublin. His conjecture was right; in less than an hour he was delivered into the hands of his father, and soon after entered the city. Here he learned the solution of the mystery; and, with the ingenuousness of youth, he made his father the depository of his secret—of his love for the Tanist's daughter. She was now, he said, in the hands of the robber, and fearful consequences were to be apprehended unless speedily rescued from a situation so calamitous. Instead of manifesting any pity for Dorgiva, any sympathy for the feelings of the lover, the provost gave way to his anger, and convinced his son that he had only one alternative, either to forego his love for the Tanist's daughter, or forfeit the friendship of his father. His choice was soon made; despising the dishonourable means by which he had been surreptitiously withdrawn from Glendalough, he hastily quitted the city the next morning, and quickly regained the country of the O'Toole's. The war cry was instantly raised; the hill resounded with hostile music; and, when the citizens came out a *hosting*, as they called it, they experienced a reception very different from that which they met from the O'More's of Leix. The successful Irish pursued them to the Damegate; and, after a vigorous assault, carried the city by storm. Convinced of their error, the citizens renewed the treaty, paid additional Black Mail, and gave new hostages.

In the mean time Dorgiva had not been discovered. 'Give me twenty of these brave fellows for companions,' said le Decer, 'and I'll pledge myself to restore the maiden to her friends.'

'The Saxon speaks boldly,' said M'Tuhill, 'and well deserves our confidence. Let it be as he desires.'

Armed with the Irish lance and the battle axe, le Decer and his companions

set forward; and, after two days' search, were fortunate enough to come up with the fugitives. M'Balthor made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately overpowered. He could give, however, no account of Dorgiva; being left, he said, in the care of one of his followers on the night of the abduction, she was rescued from him, but by whom he was quite ignorant. Le Decer thought this unsatisfactory, and accordingly carried the outlaw a prisoner to Glendalough. Here he repeated the same story, but with equal success, and the Brehon was about to condemn him to die—a punishment reserved solely for the violator of woman's honour—when Dorgiva made her appearance. She had been fortunately rescued by a party of the O'Birns, who heard her shriek as they passed, and who now restored her to her friends.

This completely altered the nature of M'Balthor's offence. The Brehon repaired to the *mote*, a place of eminence; the people stood in a circle around, and the accusation was heard. The law allowed only a mulct, and the robber was on the point of being discharged on the payment of twenty cows, when it was suggested by the Ardriagh himself that, being on terms of amity with the Saxons, the prisoner ought to be transmitted to Dublin, there to experience the mercy of the English laws. This advice was instantly acted upon; and the chronicle of the day says, 'This year, 1308, William M'Balthor, alias M'Walter, a great robber and incendiary, was condemned by the lord justice Wogan, and was drawn at a horse's tail to the gallows, and there executed.'

Robert le Decer, having given mortal offence to the citizens, no longer hesitated to adopt the manners of the Irish; and, on his marriage with Dorgiva, which soon after took place, assumed the name of O'Toole.* The rude ballads of the times are filled with eulogies upon his heroism and virtue. His father mourned his loss, but refused to see him. Childless, as he regarded himself, he spent his fortune in public works; and city records make honourable mention of his name.

* In Pembridge's annals we find that Pierce de Gaveston, the king's favourite, being made lord lieutenant, after his banishment from England defeated the O'Toole's; and, having scoured the pass between Keivin Castle and Glendalough, made his offering at the shrine of St. Keivin.

LORD BYRON AND SOME OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.*

THE publication of this book has been preceded by a long and a loud flourish of trumpets. Periodicals in the interest of the publisher were supplied with extracts, for the purpose, no doubt, of exciting the curiosity of the reading public; but these extracts have done much harm and no good. They have exposed what are really the worst parts of the book; they have sickened the public, and they have injured the author. The latter is more particularly obvious, because a man's book should be judged of by the whole of it; the good then balances the bad, (for there is good and bad in all books,) and the reader or the critic makes as fair an estimate as he can of the preponderating qualities: so that the author's excellencies are heard in mitigation of his offences, or are allowed to outweigh them. If Mr. Hunt's book be taken in this way, there is a great deal which is clever, and interesting, and creditable to him. If it were to be estimated according to the extracts which have been published—and this, we repeat, would be most unjust—he could appear in no other light than that of a most malignant coxcomb—the treacherous exposé and exaggerator of a friend's most minute defects—the vain trumpeter of his own praise—and the ungrateful calumniator of the fame of a dead man, from whom, when living, he had received many substantial favours and kindnesses. Mr. Hunt is not such a person, nor is his book such a book as the extracts have seemed to describe.

In the first place it must be understood that, although Lord Byron's name gives the title to the book, this is a mere device of Mr. Colburn's to make his book sell. All that relates to Lord Byron does not occupy much more than one fourth of the book, and that is, in our opinion, the worst part of it. Mr. Hunt knew very little of Lord Byron before he went to Italy: the most distant kind of polite acquaintance existed between them, as Lord Byron's letters to him distinctly show. Circumstances having rendered it advisable that Mr. Hunt should go to Italy, his friend, Mr. Shelley, made an arrangement with Lord Byron for their publishing 'The Liberal' together. Mr. Shelley was, unhappily, lost at sea a few months after Mr. Hunt landed—the link which connected him with Lord Byron was broken—such intimacy as had been between them cooled—Mr. Hunt thought he was ill-treated, and he has told the world so, without, however, giving any very good reasons for the assertion. To indifferent persons it is no wonder that they did not agree. It is hardly possible to imagine two men less fitted for friendly intercourse, because no men could be more wholly dissimilar in taste and feeling. Mr. Hunt's manners are, with-

out his being aware of the fact, enough to take the skin off a man who lives in that sort of society (no matter whether he likes to call it good or bad) in which assumption of any kind is wholly intolerable. His habits, which had grown in the recluse life he led, must have been frequently disagreeable, even ridiculous, to Lord Byron; and, as the latter was one of the frankest of God's creatures, he probably told Mr. Hunt so. The consequence was mutual dislike, which neither party took any pains to conceal from the other. They parted—Lord Byron to go to Greece and die; and Mr. Hunt, in the ripeness of time, to write an account of his *quondam* friend.

This account, if it is meant to describe, for the present and succeeding generations, Lord Byron such as he was, is extremely unfair and unsatisfactory. All the little human frailties which the bard was guilty of are noted with unkind and ungenerous punctuality—no attempt is made to charge him with any but petty weaknesses and indiscretions, unless, indeed, avarice be a crime of blacker dye—and yet the chronicler has not felt himself bound to give the other side of the picture. He paints Lord Byron as an idler and a lounge throughout the whole day, and as devoting his nights to Don Juan and gin-and-water. Now this cannot be true, because Don Juan could no more be written without study, and reading, and greater application than Mr. Hunt mentions, than it could be written without pens, ink, and paper. Therefore Mr. Hunt must either have wilfully misrepresented facts, (which we don't think he meant to do) or he must have known very little of Lord Byron's whereabouts—and this, although he lived in the same house with him, we take to be extremely probable. With respect to the charge of avarice, his behaviour in the Greek business is too convincing a proof to be gainsayed by the petty malignity with which Mr. Hunt whispers that the 10,000*l.* he gave was only 4,000*l.* after all. It is mighty easy to be generous with the money of other folks; 'the largest and best shoe-ties,' says the German proverb, 'are those which you cut out of another man's leather.' We think, too, but we are, possibly, hum-drum, matter-of-fact people, that the money which Lord Byron gave to Mr. Hunt, upon his own showing, (and we would not otherwise allude to it,) proves that he was not quite an avaricious man. People's notions differ; and, although we scorn to shelter ourselves under a majority in the wrong, we are satisfied, by the opinion of the whole world, we are right when we say that Mr. Hunt has himself disproved the justness of the opinions he expresses in this respect.

* By Leigh Hunt, Esq. London, 1823. Colburn.

There is one good thing in Mr. Hunt's labours—he has collected materials which, when they shall have been properly winnowed, will furnish materials for that life of Lord Byron which is yet a *desideratum* in the literary world. He cuts up, as it deserves, the miserable trash published under the title of 'The Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times, of Lord Byron,' by a military gentleman in the Greek service, and shows the folly and ignorance of that publication in their true colours.

Upon the whole we think that Mr. Hunt has done Lord Byron great injustice and himself great wrong, because he has proved that he has not good sense or good nature enough to forgive offences which could only have been slight, which were nothing but personal, and which less than the death of their author might have taught him to forget.

The following is Mr. Hunt's account of the impressions made upon him by Lord Byron, on their first acquaintance:

'The first time I saw Lord Byron, he was rehearsing the part of Leander, under the auspices of Mr. Jackson, the prize-fighter. It was in the River Thames, before he went to Greece. I had been bathing, and was standing on the floating-machine adjusting my clothes, when I noticed a respectable-looking manly person, who was eyeing something at a distance. This was Mr. Jackson waiting for his pupil. The latter was swimming with somebody for a wager. I forget what his Chiron said of him; but he spoke in terms of praise. I saw nothing in Lord Byron at that time, but a young man who, like myself, had written a bad volume of poems; and though I had a sympathy with him on this account, and had more respect for his rank than I was willing to suppose, my sympathy was not an agreeable one; so, contenting myself with seeing his lordship's head bob up and down in the water, like a buoy, I came away.

'Lord Byron was afterwards pleased to regret that I had not stayed. He told me, that the sight of my volume at Harrow had been one of his incentives to write verses, and that he had had the same passion for friendship that I had displayed in it. To my astonishment, he quoted some of the lines, and would not hear me speak ill of them. This was when I was in prison, where I first became personally acquainted with his lordship. His harbinger was Moore. Moore told me, that besides liking my politics, he liked "The Feast of the Poets," and would be glad to make my acquaintance. I said I felt myself highly flattered, and should be proud to entertain his lordship as well as a poor patriot could. He was accordingly invited to dinner. His friend only stipulated, that there should be "plenty of fish and vegetables for the noble bard," his lordship at that time being Brahminical in his eating. He came, and we passed a very pleasant afternoon, talking of

books, and school, and the Reverend Mr. Bowles; of the pastoral innocence of whose conversation some anecdotes were related that would have much edified the spirit of Pope had it been in the room.

'I saw nothing at first but single-hearted and agreeable qualities in Lord Byron. My wife, with the quicker eyes of a woman, was inclined to doubt them. Visiting me one day, when I had a friend with me, he seemed uneasy, and asked, without ceremony, when he should find me alone. My friend, who was a man of taste and spirit, and the last in the world to intrude his acquaintance, was not bound to go away because another person had come in; and besides, he naturally felt anxious to look at so interesting a visitor; which was paying the latter a compliment. But his lordship's will was disturbed, and he vented his spleen accordingly. I took it at the time for a piece of simplicity, blinded perhaps by the flattery insinuated towards myself; but my wife was right. Lord Byron's nature, from the first, contained that mixture of disagreeable with pleasanter qualities, which I had afterwards but too much occasion to recognise. He subsequently called on me in the prison several times, and used to bring books for my Story of Rimini, which I was then writing. He would not let the footman bring them in. He would enter with a couple of quartos under his arm; and give you to understand (as I thought) that he was prouder of being a friend and a man of letters, than a lord. It was thus that by flattering one's vanity, he persuaded us of his own freedom from it; for he could see very well at that time, that I had more value for lords than I supposed. He was a warm politician, and thought himself earnest in the cause of liberty. His failure in the House of Lords is well known. He was very candid about it; said he was much frightened, and should never be able to do any thing that way. Lords of all parties came about him, and consoled him; he particularly mentioned Lord Sidmouth as being unaffectedly kind. When I left prison I was too ill to return his visits. He pressed me very much to go to the theatre with him; but illness, and the dread of committing my critical independence, alike prevented me. His lordship was one of a management that governed Drury Lane Theatre at that time, and that made a sad business of their direction, as amateur managers have always done. He got nothing by it but petty vexations, and a good deal of scandal.

'I was then living at Paddington. I had a study looking over the fields towards Westbourne Green; which I mention because, besides the pleasure I took in it after my prison, and the gratitude I owe to a fair cousin, who saved me from being burnt there one fine morning, I received visits in it from two persons of a remarkable discrepancy of character

—Lord Byron and Mr. Wordsworth. Of Mr. Wordsworth I speak hereafter. Lord Byron, I thought, took a pleasure in it, as contrasted with the splendour of his great house. He had too much reason to do so. His domestic troubles were then about to become public. His appearance at that time was the finest I ever saw it, a great deal finer than it was afterwards, when he was abroad. He was fatter than before his marriage, but only just enough so to complete the manliness of his person; and the turn of his head and countenance had a spirit and elevation in it, which, though not unmixed with disquiet, gave him altogether a nobler look than I ever knew him to have before or since. His dress, which was black, with white trowsers, and which he wore buttoned close over the body, completed the succinctness and gentlemanliness of his appearance. I remember one day, as he stood looking out of the window, he resembled, in a lively manner, the portrait of him by Phillips, by far the best that has appeared; I mean the best of him at his best time of life, and the most like him in features as well as expression. He sat one morning so long, that Lady Byron sent up twice to let him know she was waiting. Lady Byron used to go on in the carriage to Henderson's nursery-ground to get flowers. I had not the honour of knowing her, nor ever saw her but once, when I caught a glimpse of her at the door. I thought she had a pretty earnest look, with her "pippin" face; an epithet by which she playfully designated herself.

Mr. Hunt met Lord Byron in Italy under rather novel circumstances.

'In a day or two I went to see the noble bard, who was in what the Italians call *villeggiatura* at Monte-Nero; that is to say, enjoying a country-house for the season. I there met with a singular adventure, which seemed to make me free of Italy and stilettoes, before I had well set foot in the country. The day was very hot; the road to Monte-Nero was very hot, through dusty suburbs; and, when I got there, I found the hottest-looking house I ever saw. Not content with having a red wash over it, the red was the most unseasonable of all reds, a salmon colour. Think of this, flaring over the country in a hot Italian sun!

'But the greatest of all the heats was within. Upon seeing Lord Byron, I hardly knew him, he was grown so fat; and he was longer in recognising me, I had grown so thin. He was dressed in a loose nankin jacket and white trowsers, his neckcloth open, and his hair in thin ringlets about his throat; altogether presenting a very different aspect from the compact, energetic, and curly-headed person, whom I had known in England.

'He took me into an inner-room, and introduced me to a young lady in a state of great agitation. Her face was flushed, her eyes lit

Feb. 1828.

up, and her hair (which she wore in that fashion) looking as if it streamed in disorder. This was the daughter of Count Gamba, wife of the Cavaliere Guiccioli, since known as Madame, or the Countess, Guiccioli,—all the children of persons of that rank in Italy bearing the title of their parents. The Conte Pietro, her brother, came in presently, also in a state of agitation, and having his arm in a sling. I then learned, that a quarrel having taken place among the servants, the young count had interfered, and been stabbed. He was very angry; Madame Guiccioli was more so, and would not hear of the charitable comments of Lord Byron, who was for making light of the matter. Indeed there was a look in the business a little formidable; for, though the stab was not much, the inflicter of it threatened more, and was at that minute keeping watch under the portico with the avowed intention of assaulting the first person that issued forth. I looked out of a window, and met his eye glaring upward, like a tiger. The fellow had a red cap on, like a *sansculotte*, and a most sinister aspect, dreary and meagre, a proper caitiff. Thus, it appeared, the house was in a state of blockade; the nobility and gentry of the interior all kept in a state of impossibility by a rascally footman.'

Lord Byron's habits while in Italy are thus described:

'Lord Byron, who used to sit up at night, writing *Don Juan* (which he did under the influence of gin and water), rose late in the morning. He breakfasted; read; lounged about, singing an air, generally out of Rossini, and in a swaggering style, though in a voice at once small and veiled; then took a bath, and was dressed; and coming down stairs, was heard, still singing, in the court-yard, out of which the garden ascended at the back of the house. The servants at the same time brought out two or three chairs. My study, a little room in a corner, with an orange-tree peeping in at the window, looked upon this court-yard. I was generally at my writing when he came down, and either acknowledged his presence by getting up and saying something from the window, or he called out "*Leontius!*" and came halting up to the window with some joke, or other challenge to conversation. (Readers of good sense will do me the justice of discerning where any thing is spoken of in a tone of objection, and where it is only brought in as requisite to the truth of the picture.) His dress, as at Monte-Nero, was a nankin jacket, with white waistcoat and trowsers, and a cap, either velvet or linen, with a shade to it. In his hand was a tobacco-box, from which he helped himself like unto a shipman, but for a different purpose; his object being to restrain the pinguifying impulses of hunger. Perhaps also he thought it good for the teeth.'

According to Mr. Hunt, Lord Byron was not free from superstition.

'He believed in the ill-luck of Fridays, and was seriously disconcerted if any thing was to be done on that frightful day of the week. Had he been a Roman, he would have startled at crows, while he made a jest of augurs. He used to tell a story of somebody's meeting him, while in Italy, in St. James's-street. The least and most childish superstitions, it is true, find subtle corners of warrant in the greatest minds; but as the highest pictures in Lord Byron's poetry were imitations, so in the smallest of his personal superstitions, he was maintained by something not his own. His turn of mind was maternal egotism, and some remarkable instances had given it a compulsory twist the other way; but it never grew kindly or loftier in that quarter. Hence his taking refuge from uneasy thoughts, in sarcasm, and trifling, and notoriety. What there is of a good-natured philosophy in 'Don Juan,' was not foreign to his wishes; but it was the common-place of the age, repeated with an air of discovery, by the noble lord, and as ready to be thrown in the teeth of those from whom he took it, provided any body laughed at them.

'It has been thought by some, that there was madness in his composition. He himself talked sometimes as if he feared it would come upon him. It was difficult, in his most serious moments, to separate what he spoke out of conviction, and what he said for effect. In moments of ill-health, especially when jaded and overwrought by the united effects of composition, and drinking, and sitting up, he might have nervous misgivings to that effect; as more people perhaps are accustomed to have, than choose to talk about it. But I never saw any thing more mad in his conduct, than what I have just been speaking of; and there was enough in the nature of his position to account for extravagances in him, that would not have attained to that head under other circumstances. If every extravagance of which men are guilty, were to be pronounced madness, the world would be nothing but the Bedlam which some have called it; and then the greatest madness of all would be the greatest rationality; which, according to others, it is.'

In other parts of his work Mr. Hunt appears to greater advantage. He is a bitter and unjust censurer, but he is also warm in his praise; and, if he hates his enemies—a quality for which we should like him the better, if he had cause enough—he loves his friends as warmly as heart can wish. His treatment of Lord Byron disgusts us; but the justice he has done to some of his cotemporaries, if it does not reconcile us to his faults, at least gives us an opportunity, which we readily seize, of expressing our approbation. From this part of the work we make the following extracts—the first respects Mr. Shelley.

'Mr. Shelley, when he died, was in his thirtieth year. His figure was tall and slight, and his constitution consumptive. He was subject to violent spasmodic pains, which would sometimes force him to lie on the ground till they were over; but he had always a kind word to give to those about him when his pangs allowed him to speak. On this organization, as well as in some other respects, he resembled the German poet, Schiller. Though well turned, his shoulders were bent a little, owing to premature thought and trouble. The same cause had touched his hair with grey; and, though his habits of temperance and exercise gave him a remarkable degree of strength, it is not supposed that he could have lived many years. He used to say, that he had lived three times as long as the calendar gave out; which he would prove, between jest and earnest, by some remarks on time

That would have puzzled that stout stagyrite.

'Like the stagyrite's, his voice was high and weak. His eyes were large, and animated with a dart of wildness in them; his face small, but well shaped, particularly the mouth and chin, the turn of which was very sensitive and graceful. His complexion was naturally fair and delicate, with a colour in the cheeks. He had brown hair, which, though tinged with grey, surmounted his face well, being in considerable quantity, and tending to a curl. His side face, upon the whole, was deficient in strength, and his features would not have told well in a bust; but, when fronting, and looking at you, his aspect had a certain seraphical character, that would have suited a portrait of John the Baptist, or the angel whom Milton describes holding a reed "tipped with fire." Nor would the most religious mind, had it known him, have objected to the comparison; for, with all his scepticism, Mr. Shelley's disposition may be truly said to have been any thing but irreligious. A person of much eminence for piety in our times has well observed, that the greatest want of religious feeling is not to be found among the greatest infidels, but among those who never think of religion but as a matter of course. The leading feature of Mr. Shelley's character may be said to have been a natural piety. He was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest.'

'Mr. Shelley was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart. of Castle-Goring, in Sussex; and was born at Field-Place, in that county, the 4th of August, 1792.'

The indications of a striking and powerful, but eccentric, mind in his boyhood brought upon Mr. Shelley all the consequences by which mis-judging people try to check and damp instead of convincing and eradicating erroneous notions. He was removed from Eton—expelled from Oxford. At eighteen

years old he made an ill-assorted marriage, which ended in a separation after two children had been born, and the misery of which was consummated by the suicide of his wife. Here we resume the extracts :

'On the death of this unfortunate lady, Mr. Shelley married the daughter of Mr. Godwin; and resided at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, where he was a blessing to the poor. His charity, though liberal, was not weak. He inquired personally into the circumstances of the petitioners; visited the sick in their beds (for he had gone the round of the hospitals on purpose to be able to practise on occasion); and kept a regular list of industrious poor, whom he assisted with small sums to make up their accounts. At Marlow he wrote the "Revolt of Islam." "Queen Mab" was an earlier production, written at the age of seventeen or eighteen, when he married; and it was never published with his consent. He regretted the publication when it did take place some years afterwards, and stated as much in the newspapers, considering it a crude performance, and as not sufficiently entering into the important questions it handled. Yet upon the strength of this young and unpublished work, he was deprived of his two children.

'The reader perhaps is not aware, that in this country of England, where the domestic institutions are boasted of as so perfect, and are apt to be felt as so melancholy,—where freedom of opinion is so much cried up, and the tribunals take so much pains to put it down,—where writers and philosophers in short, and what may be called the unconstituted authorities, have done so much for all the world, and the constituted authorities, particularly the lawyers, have done so little for any body but themselves,—the reader is perhaps not aware, that in this extraordinary country, any man's children may be taken from him to-morrow, who holds a different opinion from the Lord Chancellor in faith and morals. Hume's, if he had any, might have been taken. Gibbon's might have been taken. The virtuous Condorcet, if he had been an Englishman and a father, would have stood no chance. Plato, for his Republic, would have stood as little; and Mademoiselle de Gournay might have been torn from the arms of her adopted father Montaigne, convicted beyond redemption of seeing farther than the walls of the Court of Chancery. That such things are not done often, we believe: that they may be done oftener than people suspect, we must unfortunately believe also; for they are transacted with closed doors, and the details are forbidden to transpire. Mr. Shelley was convicted of holding the unpublished opinions, which his public teachers at the University had not thought fit to reason him out of. He was also charged with not being of the re-

ceived opinions with regard to the intercourse of the sexes; and his children, a girl and a boy, were taken from him. The persons who succeeded in bereaving him, did not succeed in their application to have the children put under their own management. They were transferred to the care of an old, and I dare say, respectable, clergyman of the Church of England; and have long received all the helps to sincerity and perfection, which Mr. Bentham has pointed out in his remarks on that establishment. The rest depends on the natural strength of their understandings, and what reflections they may make when they compare their father's practical Christianity with the theories they will see contradicted all round them. The circumstance deeply affected Mr. Shelley: so much so, that he never afterwards dared to trust himself with mentioning his children to the friend who stood at his side throughout the business, and who was the dearest friend that he had.' * *

'From Marlow, Mr. Shelley went with his wife and a new family to Italy, where he lived in his usual quiet and retired manner. He had become acquainted with Lord Byron during a former visit to the Continent; and the acquaintance was now renewed. He visited his lordship at Venice; but it was only latterly that he saw much of him, when they both lived at Pisa. He had the highest admiration of his lordship's genius; but they differed, as might be expected, on many other points. Lord Byron thought his philosophy too spiritual and romantic. Mr. Shelley thought his lordship's too material and despairing. The noble lord often expressed the highest opinion of his companion's virtues, and of his freedom from selfishness. An account has been published of a voyage to Sicily, in which Mr. Shelley is described as behaving with want of courage. To those who knew him, it is unnecessary to repeat, that the whole account is a fabrication, voyage and all. Lord Byron and he never were in Sicily, nor ever sailed together, except on the Lake of Geneva. Mr. Shelley's bravery was remarkable, and was the ultimate ruin of him. In a scuffle that took place on horseback, in the streets of Pisa, with a hot-headed dragoon, he behaved with a courage so distinguished, and with so much thought for every body but himself, that Lord Byron wondered upon what principle a man could be induced to prefer any other person's life in that manner, before his own. The solution of the difficulty was to be found in their different views of human nature. Mr. Shelley would have lost his life with pleasure to set an example of disinterestedness; Lord Byron could do striking public things—Greece, and an admiring public, still re-echo them. But the course of his lordship's studies had led him to require that they should be mixed up with other stimulants.

'A very melancholy period of my narrative is now arrived. In June, 1822, I arrived in Italy, in consequence of the invitation to set up a work with my friend and Lord Byron. Mr. Shelley was passing the summer season at a house he had taken for that purpose on the gulf of Lerici. He wrote to me at Genoa, to say that he hoped "the waves would never part us again;" and, on hearing of my arrival at Leghorn, came thither, accompanied by Mr. Williams, formerly of the 8th Dragoons, who was then on a visit to him. He came to welcome his friend and family, and see us comfortably settled at Pisa. He accordingly went with us to that city; and, after remaining in it a few days, took leave on the night of the 7th of July, to return with Mr. Williams to Lerici, meaning to come back to us shortly. In a day or two the voyagers were missed. The afternoon of the 8th had been stormy, with violent squalls from south-west. A night succeeded broken up with that tremendous thunder and lightning, which appals the stoutest seamen in the Mediterranean, dropping its bolts in all directions, more like melted brass, or liquid pillars of fire, than any thing we conceive of lightning in our northern climate. The suspense and anguish of their friends need not be dwelt upon. A dreadful interval took place of more than a week, during which every inquiry and every fond hope were exhausted. At the end of that period our worst fears were confirmed.'

The following apology—we use the word in its proper, not its conventional sense—for such innovations as seek the good and happiness of mankind and of society—concludes the notice of Mr. Shelley, and is applied to him.

'If it were not for the reformers and innovators of old, the Hampdens, the Miltons, and the Sydneys, life in this country, with all its cares, would not be the convenient thing it is, even for the lowest retainers of the lowest establishment. A feeling of indignation will arise when we think of great spirits like those contrasted with the mean ones that venture to scorn their wisdom and self-sacrifice; but it is swallowed up in what absorbed the like emotions in their own minds—a sense of the many. The mean spirit, if we knew all, need not be denied even his laugh. He may be too much in want of it. But the greatest unhappiness of the noble-minded has moments of exquisite relief. Every thing of beautiful and good that exist has a kind face for him when he turns to it, or reflects the happy faces of others that enjoy it, if he cannot. He can extract consolation out of discomfiture itself,—if the good he sought otherwise, can come by it. Mr. Shelley felt the contumelies he underwent with great sensibility, and he expressed himself accordingly; but I know enough of his nature to be certain that he would gladly have laid down his life to ensure a good to society, even out of the

most lasting misrepresentations of his benevolence. Great is the pleasure to me to anticipate the day of justice, by putting an end to this evil. The friends whom he loved may now bid his brave and gentle spirit repose; for the human beings whom he laboured for, *begin to know him.*

Of Mr. Campbell and Mr. Theodore Hook, Mr. Hunt speaks as follows:—

'They who know Mr. Campbell only as the author of "*Gertrude of Wyoming*," and "*The Pleasures of Hope*," would not suspect him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and any thing but fastidious. These Scotch poets have always something in reserve. It is the only point in which the major part of them resemble their countrymen. The mistaken character which the lady formed of Thomson from his "*Seasons*," is well known. He let part of the secret out in his "*Castle of Indolence*;" and the more he let out, the more honour it did to the simplicity and cordiality of the poet's nature, though not always to the elegance of it. Allan Ramsay knew his friends Gay and Somerville as well in their writings, as he did when he came to be personally acquainted with them: but Allan, who had bustled up from a barber's shop into a bookseller's, was "a cunning shaver," and nobody would have guessed the author of "*The Gentle Shepherd*" to be penurious. Let none suppose that any insinuation to that effect is intended against Mr. Campbell. He is one of the few men whom I could at any time walk half-a-dozen miles through the snow to spend an afternoon with; and I could no more do this with a penurious man, than I could with a sulky one. I know of but one fault he has, besides an extreme cautiousness in his writings; and that one is national, a matter of words, and amply overpaid by a stream of conversation, lively, piquant, and liberal, not the less interesting for occasionally betraying an intimacy with pain, and for a high and somewhat strained tone of voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings. No man, I should guess, feels more kindly towards his fellow-creatures, or takes less credit for it. When he indulges in doubt and sarcasm, and speaks contemptuously of things in general, he does it, partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more perhaps than he suspects, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive; which is a blind that the best men very commonly practise. Mr. Campbell professes to be hopeless and sarcastic, and takes pains all the while to set up an university.

'When I first saw this eminent person, he gave me the idea of a French Virgil. Not that he is like a Frenchman, much less the French translator of Virgil. I found him as handsome, as the Abbé Delille is said to have been ugly. But he seemed to me to embody a

Frenchman's ideal notion of the Latin poet; something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror. This fancy was strengthened in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the "French Tragedian" in his hand. His skull was sharply cut and fine; with plenty, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs: and his poetry will bear them out. For a lettered solitude, and a bridal properly got up, both according to law and luxury, commend us to the lovely "Gertrude of Wyoming." His face and person were rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. But he appeared not at all grateful for this; and when his critiques and his Virgilianism were over, very unlike a puritan he talked! He seemed to spite his restrictions; and out of the natural largeness of his sympathy with things high and low, to break at once out of Delille's "Virgil" into Cotton's, like a boy let loose from school. When I have the pleasure of hearing him now, I forget his Virgilianisms, and think only of the delightful companion, the unaffected philanthropist, and the creator of a beauty worth all the heroines in Racine.

Mr. Campbell has tasted pretty sharply of the good and ill of the present state of society, and for a book-man has beheld strange sights. He witnessed a battle in Germany from the top of a convent (on which battle he has written a noble ode;) and he saw the French cavalry enter a town, wiping their bloody swords on the horses' manes. Not long ago he was in Germany again, I believe to purchase books; for in addition to his classical scholarship, and his other languages, he is a reader of German. The readers there, among whom he is popular, both for his poetry and his love of freedom, crowded about him with affectionate zeal; and they gave him, what he does not dislike, a good dinner. There is one of our writers who has more fame than he; but not one who enjoys a fame equally wide, and without drawback. Like many of the great men in Germany, Schiller, Wieland, and others, he has not scrupled to become editor of a magazine; and his name alone has given it among all circles a recommendation of the greatest value, and such as makes it a grace to write under him.

I remember, one day at Sydenham, Mr.

Theodore Hook came in unexpectedly to dinner, and amused us very much with his talent at extempore verse. He was then a youth, tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak; a face that had character and humour, but no refinement. His extempore verses were really surprising. It is easy enough to extemporize in Italian—one only wonders, how in a language in which every thing conspires to render verse-making easy and it is difficult to avoid rhyming, this talent should be so much cried up—but in English it is another matter. I know but of one other person besides Mr. Hook, who can extemporize in English; and he wants the power, perhaps the confidence, to do it in public. Of course, I speak of rhyming. Extempore blank verse, with a little practice, would be found as easy in English, as rhyming is in Italian. In Mr. Hook the faculty was very unequivocal. He could not have been aware of all the visitors, still less of the subject of conversation when he came in, and he talked his full share till called upon; yet he ran his jokes and his verses upon us all in the easiest manner, saying something characteristic of every body, or avoiding it with a pun, and introducing so agreeably a piece of village scandal upon which the party had been rallying Mr. Campbell, that the poet, though not unjealous of his dignity, was perhaps the most pleased of us all. Mr. Hook afterwards sat down to the piano-forte, and enlarging upon this subject, made an extempore parody of a modern opera, introducing sailors and their clap-traps, rustics, &c.

Of Mr. Moore he does not speak with equal candour; but the poet of all circles has taken ample revenge in the following biting satire.

Next week will be published (as 'lives' are the rage)

The whole reminiscences, wondrous and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage
Of the late noble lion at Exeter Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call 'sad,'

'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;

And few dogs have such opportunities had,

Of knowing how lions behave—among friends.

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,

Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;

And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks,

That the lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well—this the puppy allows,—

It was all, he said, borrow'd—'all second hand roar;

And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows,

To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,

To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits

Takes gravely the lord of the forest to task,

And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)

With sops every day from the lion's own pan,

He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcase,

And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in

Examples and warnings to lions high bred,

How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen,
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.

Exeter Change.

T. Ridcock.

SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF DUBLIN.—NO. I.

It was customary with the American philosopher, when travelling, to declare, unasked, whenever he entered a house, that his name was Benjamin Franklin, that he was an inhabitant of Philadelphia, that he was going to this or that place, and that his business was so and so. Now, though I have more politeness than to tell my readers, abruptly, that they are curious—too curious—people, I flatter myself that some of them may desire to know who and what I am. To this information they can have no right, because it would throw no light on what I am about to communicate. I will tell them, however, that I have resided many years in Ireland—chiefly in the metropolis—but that I am not a native of the ‘Emerald Isle.’

In 1797 I landed at Passage, a little village in the county of Waterford. Several vessels of war lay on the opposite side of the river, at Ballyhack; and, as the press-gangs were exceedingly busy, every one I met seemed terribly alarmed. Judging from the people, you would imagine the country was in a state of war. The women were particularly agitated: some, whose fathers or husbands had been forcibly carried off to the *tender*—a thing which my companion declared had no *tenderness* about it—screamed loudly, others clapt their hands, others ran about like maniacs; and, upon the whole, I never witnessed a more distressing scene of clamour and confusion. It had nearly confirmed all my preconceived notions of the ‘Wild Irish.’

A jaunting car conveyed me to Waterford, and, having despatched my business there, I set off for the metropolis. The weather was chilly—the country bare; and the post-chaise most uncomfortable. By the time I reached Carlow I was in a most delectable state of mind; John Bull-like, I looked upon every thing, and every body around me, with contempt; but a good dinner and a bottle of wine disposed me to view things in a very different light. I walked out to see the town, and saw nothing very remarkable: came back to the hotel, and found the parlour occupied by a recently arrived guest. His appearance was by no means prepossessing. There was a look of dissatisfaction about

him, and his countenance was not improved by features diametrically opposite to our ideas of the beautiful. His nose had a fleshy knob upon the top of it, and his brows frowned darkly over a pair of sinister, searching eyes. He was dressed after the fashion of the times, and, when I entered, politely intimated that there was room enough for both of us at the turf fire, that was burning brightly in the stove. Taciturnity is not the fault of Irishmen; and my companion was not long in letting me know who and what he was. The O’Connor, lineally descended from the Kings of Ireland! My astonishment was extreme. I had read Hume, and indistinctly learned from him, that the *mere* Irish were semi-barbarians, dressed and painted after the manner of the North American savages, but here was one of them who appeared to be a gentleman: he spoke fluently, and not ungracefully; his brogue was not at all offensive to my uninitiated ears; and, as my opinions were as liberal as could be wished, he insensibly gained upon my good opinion, for I considered him a democrat. The story of his wrongs was soon gone through; and the hardships of Ireland were pictured in no faint colours. For the honour of his ancestors, he carried me back to the flood—and a little before it! talked much about the Iberian Scythians; and, when we parted for the night, I was impressed with sentiments of esteem and pity for this victim of fortune. Were it not, I thought, for untoward events, this man would be seated upon a throne!

We met next morning at breakfast, and I then learned from him that he was on his way, like myself, for the metropolis; and, apprehensive of interruption from the government, he had travelled by an indirect road. Wishing to share his company, I ordered a saddled horse, and, in a short time, set out for Dublin, where we arrived about twelve o’clock next day. I was introduced, by him, to his brother Arthur, Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. M’Nevin, and several other distinguished men of the day, respecting whom I shall speak by and by; at present I must say a word or two about my fellow-traveller, Roger O’Connor.

Roger is altogether made up of pretensions. I have lived on habits of dis-

tant intimacy with him for thirty years ; and, as he is rather a singular man, I took a delight in studying his character. That character has as yet never been accurately estimated. Putting forth claims to respect in a bold and confident manner, he found the world ready to take too much for granted ; and, believing that men were made only to be gulled, he became a political quack, and ultimately fell a victim to that imposition which he practised upon others. Time and place were favourable to his pretensions : the confusion of Irish history—the national prejudices of the people—and their eagerness to grasp at delusions, were so many inducements to a cunning mind to seek the gratification of low ambition ; and, accordingly, Roger O'Connor assumed a place in society to which he had no claim. He did this, however, with mean timidity, with a spirit which showed that he was not a daring soul, and with a littleness which would have rendered results harmless, had not a silly stupid government forced dignity and notoriety upon him, greatly to his own mortification and their disgrace. All he did—all he would ever have done, would be harmless, in a political point of view, had not the enmity of the administration been preposterously collected upon him. Even as it was, Roger was not the man to turn political events to a national or an individual account. He would rather be considered the descendant of the Kings of Ireland than regarded as a political martyr.

It may surprise many to hear that his claims to royal blood are as questionable as the authenticity of his 'Chronicles of Eri.' His grandfather, however, was not an O'Connor, and his father was a prudent, cunning tithe-proctor, in the county of Cork. He made money, and as his name was Con, nor was easily added. Hence *the O'Connor*, and all the precious nonsense which my friend Roger has collected into his silly pamphlets. Roger's ambition is of a very humble species : it does not soar very high, but was quite enough to involve him in the delusion he practiced upon others. He now believes, I have no doubt, in his claims to royalty ; and it had one good effect ; it disposed him, morose as he is, to be kind to the peasantry ; to be even liberal to those who flattered his vanity. All this made

him popular, and he vaunted so much of it, at the time when I first knew him, that the government, conscious of deserving the people's hatred, considered him as an opponent who ought to be silenced : but the poor man's doings were so harmless, that the microscopic eye of an attorney-general could discover in them nothing of an indictable offence. Conscious of this, Roger braved the legal authorities, and when order succeeded to despotism and confusion he triumphed.

Roger has also appeared in the republic of letters : his political pamphlets, however, are now forgotten, and his 'Chronicles of Eri' was one of the most impudent forgeries that ever disgraced literature, but at the same time the most clumsy. It could impose upon no one ; and, therefore, it created no sentiment but that of pity for the author. His philological researches show something more than ignorance ; they prove that he does not hesitate to insult the feelings of the christian world at the expense of his character as an Irish scholar.

Very different from this was the character of Arthur O'Connor. His was a more daring ambition ; a more restless disposition. His talents, too, were of a more decided character ; his intellect was of a superior order. His patriotism I have no doubt, however, was mistakenly sincere ; and there was no sacrifice which he was not ready to make for the good of Ireland. There was another of the O'Connors, who was a major in the army, and subsequently a collector of the customs at Cork. Through mistake in his accounts he lost this situation ; and when first I knew him he was in Dublin, prosecuting some claims he had upon the commissioners. I then held a situation in the Custom House, and used to meet him almost every day. I did him some little service, for which he was very grateful, and invited me to his house. He lived in Mecklenburgh Street, two doors from Gardener's Street, and presented me to a very pretty vulgar woman, whom he calls Mrs. O'Connor. He had several sons, monstrous big fellows, like himself ; and he was as dirty and as awkward a man as ever I met, except Ned Hay, the Catholic secretary. Being eager to pass himself off as a loyal man, and as no other was supposed to hold a situation under government, he

was shy of entering into politics. He seemed to condemn Arthur altogether, and disapproved in toto of Roger's conduct. He died five or six years ago.

The Irish parliament was then sitting, and I lost no time in repairing to the gallery of the House of Commons. The first night I had the good fortune to be present at an interesting debate, and of course heard the principal orators. Curran pleased me much more than Grattan; but Grattan's oratory, perhaps, abounded more in mind. He was of small stature, held back his head, and spoke rather deliberately. He was too sententious; but this fault, if it were one, proved the labour with which he prepared himself for discussion. No man can speak in apophthegms without long and serious thinking. No man could speak like Grattan who had not given his days and nights to study. Whoever reads his speeches deliberately, will be struck with the political wisdom with which they abound. On the question of Free Trade, the commercial propositions, and tithes, he anticipated the political economists. He may be said to have been the first statesman who took a correct view of commercial restrictions; and had his precepts been acted upon, Ireland would now be a very different country. I always lamented that he was a Whig: there is something revolting in a wise man giving up 'to party what was made for mankind;' for he can hardly preserve his own consistency without running counter to the established and fundamental maxims of those with whom he has allied himself.

Grattan was at this time a great favourite: every one was full of anecdotes respecting him. He was a man of the most unquestionable courage; one night he had a dispute with Mr. Corry, I think in the house: they adjourned to the Strand, on the north side of Ballybrough Bridge. The moon was up, but it was very cloudy; and when they had taken their stations, Mr. Grattan said, quite coolly, 'Let us come closer, Mr. Corry, for 'pon my honour I cannot see you at this distance.' The parties were arrested by the serjeant at arms.

The name of Grattan reminds me of the eccentric author of the 'Highways and Byeways;' and though not strictly chronological, I must relate my first acquaintance with that gentleman. About

ten years since I went to Lugalaw, in the county of Wicklow, to angle. Fishing with a hook and line, I admit, is one of the most absurd employments which rational man can be employed upon. It requires a patience quite stoical; but it is particularly favourable to reflection; it is an apology for being alone with nature: and this, perhaps, is one reason, the only reason, why men of mind (I do not allude to myself) are partial to angling.

I had toiled for some hours and caught no fish, when a young gentleman, thin, pale, and neatly dressed, came up, and inquired what sport; and though the account I gave was by no means encouraging, he cast in his line. His success was pretty much like my own; but he seemed to pursue the pastime solely for its reward: like a cautious traveller, he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but persevered most sedulously, until a certain feeling within reminded me that I was susceptible of a gratification which my basket was more likely to supply than the Lake of Lugalaw. I communicated this opinion to my fellow-labourer, and he instantly acquiesced in the propriety of the motion. 'Where shall we go?' he asked, looking around him upon the naked barrenness of the place. 'To a little public-house,' I replied, 'which stands on the other side of the hill.' 'By no means,' said he, 'they charge most damnably there, and I am provided for: you may go if you wish.' And so saying, he moved off towards a lonely cottage not far from where we had been standing. There was something about him which rivetted attention; and without exactly knowing why, I walked with him to the cabin. When we entered, the scene was by no means disagreeable; it was clean and cool; and the old woman who tenanted the place was kind and hospitable, as all old Irishwomen are. My companion inquired for a skillet, and having procured one, drew from his basket a bottle full of cold tea, upon which, when warmed, and two pieces of bread, buttered before he left home, he made his dinner. For the trouble he had given he gave the hostess—two pence!

His conversation while we sat in the cottage was frank and animated, but not very profound. His observations dis-

played no great depth of reading, and I saw at once, that though an Irishman, he had very inaccurate notions of the Irish character. This has since been made apparent in his 'Road-side Sketches.' They also lack invention, but contain enough to show that the author is a clever, lively writer. I soon learned that he bore the name of Grattan, and that he was related to the great patriot of that name.

We were not destined to separate very quickly. After dinner we mutually agreed that Lugalaw afforded no sport, and accordingly we proceeded to another piece of water, a few miles up the country. We were within a short distance of the place, when the sky grew dark, and a few heavy drops of rain warned us of a coming shower. We retreated to a hedge alehouse, and took up our quarters in a room which served at once for parlour and bedchamber. The weather continuing to grow worse, we formally took possession of the apartment, and had disposed every thing to our own great satisfaction, when a prior claim was advanced by a brace of Quaker sportsmen, who had just returned, half drowned, from the neighbouring lake. They were father and son, of the name of B——, who followed the occupation of tallow chandlers somewhere in the metropolis. The senior was a smart little man, but the junior was as rough and as vulgar-looking as the professor of any less perfect creed possibly could be. He intimated, in no very polite terms, that we had obtruded into their apartment, and abruptly gave us notice to quit. My companion, who had qualified himself for the bar, by the eating of half a dozen dinners, put in a demurrer; and having great confidence in that part of law which relates to possession, absolutely refused to move from his present quarters. The dispute grew warm; some allusion was made to pistols; but the unwarlike Quaker had no idea of such an appeal, and therefore hinted that hands and feet could be more effectually employed than fashionable weapons. He was about putting his threat into practice, and my comrade, nothing loth, stood up boldly to his

opponent, when an interruption took place, in consequence of the arrival of a third party, consisting of three females and one gentleman. Irish gallantry was immediately put to the test; the parlour was instantly, and without a murmur, abandoned to the ladies, and we took up our abode for the night on clean straw spread upon the barn floor. 'The arrival of the women,' said Mr. Grattan next morning, 'was opportune: they saved us the charge for the bed!' I can readily believe that all his journeys in France were made on foot.

Genius and parsimony are not so often separated as the world is led to believe. Grattan was rather what they call in Ireland a *near* man: his house at the Dargle was seldom painted or repaired; and his residence in Stephen's Green was economical in the extreme. Perhaps this was in him laudable. Curran had some of this meanness of the miser about him. I have frequently met him on his way from Castle Market, followed by his black servant carrying home his edible *bargains* in a little basket.

The portraits of this great man, though likenesses, give you a very imperfect, or rather erroneous, idea of the man: he was much smaller than they indicate; and the under lip projected over the upper. His features were small; but take his son's portrait of him:

'In person he was short, slender, and ungraceful, resembling rather the form of a youth not yet fully developed than the compact stature of a man. His face was as devoid of beauty as his frame.—His complexion was of that deep ruddy tinge by which Dean Swift is said to have been distinguished. He had a dark, glistening, intellectual eye; high arched and thickly-covered brows; strong uncurled jet black hair, which lay flat upon his forehead and temples.'

This is the portrait of a genuine Celt: it wants the blue eyes, bright hair, and tall stature, the attributes of the Goth. What would Pinkerton say to this? The writer in the Foreign Quarterly should have read this, before he pronounced the Celts incapable of literary or moral improvement.

DR. LINGARD ON THE ANCIENT STATE OF IRELAND.

'Alas ! poor country.'

ALTHOUGH the curse of Swift is upon me, for I was born in Connaught, I am not at all inclined to murmur at my destiny. But, proud as I am of the land of my birth, and fearless and sanguine as is my disposition, there are moments when an undefined melancholy steals over me, and I feel half inclined to wish that I had drawn my first breath in a country more favoured, though less deserving of veneration. A good fit of indignation, however, soon relieves me, and I laugh outright at the silly calumniators who, not satisfied with our present sufferings—monstrous as they are—would deprive us of that national satisfaction, which, as Irishmen, we derive from the consideration of our country having once been the refuge of letters and piety. This may be an unsubstantial good, but we like it—we have a right to it: and if the indignation of Europe was excited at the outrage committed on Italy, when the French carried away their pictures, why is it that Europe is silent when the ancient people of Ireland are industriously sought to be misrepresented? Letters and paintings are alike mental luxuries; and, probably, the moral effects of antiquarian memoranda are more conducive to national good than the sight of statues and pictures.

Foreigners are not the only impugnors of our claims to early civilization—Irishmen have joined the ranks of the enemy; for Ledwich's is not the only parricidal pen which has been employed to wound our pride of ancestry. The author of the 'Antiquities of Ireland,' however, was not entirely ignorant; but his successors in the work of calumny have few claims to literary distinction. A stupid old man, who holds the situation of Ulster King-at-arms, has published some antiquarian researches, remarkable for nothing but a succession of blunders. His statements respecting St. Patrick and the Irish church, show that he was not only ignorant of the writings of the

early Christians, but of those of his contemporaries; and what is not at all strange—'a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind'—the editor of the 'Literary Gazette,' in reviewing the book, repeated those assertions, which, since the days of Ledwich, have been satisfactorily disproved by more than a dozen authorities. The man of heraldry is not worthy of censure, and, perhaps, I might pass the same compliment, without any violation of justice, upon the beardless boys who scribble in the 'Church of Ireland Magazine,' and 'Bolster's Magazine,' (national periodicals!) These have discovered that our ancestors were mere barbarians—that because few proofs of early civilization survive, none ever existed. These gentlemen would make sad work with Egypt and Etruria. A vase or a pyramid would, in their eyes, hardly be taken as evidence of the existence of arts in these places.

The wonderings of little intellects are hardly deserving of attention; but when we find men of virtue and erudition—men who ought to sympathize with us—lending the aid of their talents, and the authority of their names, to the cause of our enemies, we cannot help feeling something more than mere regret. The late venerable Milner—and I am a rational admirer of that great man—* having done justice to Ireland in his letters written on that country, thought well, in the second edition, to insert, in the form of a note, two pages of gratuitous calumny. It is true, he quotes the authority of St. Bernard, who, in his life of St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, has a monstrous deal of fudge upon the immorality of the Irish people. The saint was, doubtless, a very pious man, but he was also a most determined bigot; and, whoever takes the trouble of wading through his rhetorical tomes, will be fully persuaded that on historical subjects he is an authority who ought not to be quoted. He was one of those injudicious biographers—common in his

* On a former occasion I believe I did Mr. Charles Butler an injustice. Believing uncontradicted reports to be true, I did suppose that the amiable counsellor of Lincoln's Inn deserved the charges hinted against him by the learned prelate. Having heard Mr. Butler's explanation at the late meeting of the British Catholics, I have no hesitation in saying that I consider him an injured man. His conduct in respect to Dr. Milner appears to me highly creditable to him as a Catholic and a gentleman.

age, who would not stop at any thing which tended directly or indirectly to exalt the character of his hero; and, as he considered the virtues of Malachy to need the contrast of many vices, he, in a rhetorical flourish, described the Irish clergy and people as a race of monsters. They were habitually guilty of incest, baptized their children in buttermilk, and practised, without blushing, all the bad acts of a barbarous people. This was nothing new. St. Jerome, long before, had assured the world* that the Irish were *anthropophagi*;† and he asserts, positively, that he saw them eat human flesh in Gaul. In all probability he borrowed his information, at second-hand, from Strabo, who, more candid than the saint, qualifies his statement by confessing that his informant was undeserving of credit.‡

That ancient Ireland ought to be tried by authorities who knew the country better than either Bernard or Jerome, will be readily admitted, yet Dr. Milner did not hesitate to condemn the Irish church and people on no better evidence than the biographer of St. Malachy supplied; and I am sorry to add that Dr. Lingard has not hesitated to follow his example. No one can be more convinced than I am of this great historian's title to respect. But his character for accuracy and research is a powerful reason why his mis-statements should be corrected, and his readers disabused of that prejudice against ancient Ireland which all his writings are calculated to promote. Dr. Lingard seems to have abundance of what the French call *esprit de corps*: he is kind—very kind to the Irish, when the interest of the church is concerned, but under every other circumstance he is not slow to 'hesitate dislike.' He very adroitly, 'damns with faint praise,' where he could not disprove, and avails himself of insufficient excuses to omit all mention of Ireland where justice and duty demanded a very different treatment. I do not make these charges hastily: it would not become me to hurl

censure upon a man of Dr. Lingard's learning and virtue, unless I had rational grounds for doing so; and, lest I should be charged with presumption, I take refuge at once behind facts.

In the preface to the octavo edition of his 'History of England,' Dr. Lingard says, 'I advance but few pretensions to that which has been called the philosophy of history, which, on a former occasion, I had the temerity to denominate the philosophy of romance.' This admission throws considerable light upon the subsequent pages; for though he does by no means avoid philosophical reflections, he allows himself too often to be deceived by his authorities. The writer who relies upon evidence can hardly refuse credence to any absurdity. The authors on whom Dr. Lingard has relied for his details of the early history of Ireland, have stated, with equal gravity, things which no man can now credit; and yet if we rely upon evidence alone, we are bound to believe the one with as much faith as the other.

In following Cambrensis, Dr. Lingard has fallen into numerous errors respecting the Norman invasion of Leinster. He repeats the absurd story of the rape of Dervorgil, and places the kingdom of O'Ruarc in Meath. As his notices of Irish history are, however, only incidental, I shall not undertake the invidious task of pointing out errors: I shall confine myself to the historian's deliberate account of the people of ancient Ireland.

'That the ancient inhabitants of Ireland,' says he, 'were chiefly of Celtic origin, is evident from the language still spoken by their descendants. Of their manners, polity, and religion, we may safely judge from analogy. There can be no doubt that they lived in the same *rude and uncivilized state*, in which their neighbours were discovered by the legions of Rome, and the teachers of Christianity.'

Judging by *analogy* may be very convenient, but is rather uncertain. The Chinese are partially civilized; the same

* In his treatise against Jovinus.

† There never was—never can be—such a people: barbarians may feast upon human flesh after battle, merely as a religious rite, but they must even then do so reluctantly, because Providence has wisely ordered that the flesh of any animal, if eaten constantly, will act as a slow poison upon one of the same species. M. Magendie, the celebrated French surgeon, has proved this by various experiments. Mr. Cunningham ought to have known this before he made a contrary statement in his 'Two Years in New South Wales.'

‡ Geog. lib. 4

people in the neighbouring plains are barbarians. That the Irish were more civilized than the Anglo-Saxons will, I have the satisfaction to know, be shortly proved from Saxon documents; and that the progress of refinement in England was mainly owing to the intercourse carried on between this county and Ireland by Irish merchants in the sixth and seventh centuries.* The Goths, who usurped dominion in Ireland, came into the possessions of a polished people; and as man has a kind of innate propensity towards civilization, the barbarians naturally retained those they had enslaved for the purpose of administering to their new desires. By this means the fierce invaders insensibly became partial to the arts which embellished life; and gradually lost the ferocity of their habits. It was to this circumstance that the rapid progress of christianity among them was principally owing; and that they were more civilized than their neighbours, Dr. Lingard's own writings furnish surer proofs than those derived from *analogy*.

'The history of the Saxon kingdoms is marked with the most rapid vicissitudes of fortune. Oswald and Eanfrid were the sons of Adelfrid the predecessor of Edwin. In the mountains of Scotland they had concealed themselves from the jealousy of that prince; and had spent the time of their exile in learning from the monks of Hii, the principles of the gospel. After the victory of the confederate kings, they returned to Northumbria. Eanfrid was treacherously slain in a parley with Cædwalla: Oswald determined to avenge the calamities of his family and country. With a small, but resolute band of followers, he sought the army of the enemy, and discovered it negligently encamped in the neighbourhood of Hexham. A cross of wood was hastily erected by his order, and the Saxons, prostrate before it, earnestly implored the protection of the God of the christians. From prayer they rose to battle, and to victory. Cædwalla was slain; his army was dispersed; and the conqueror ascended without a rival the throne of his ancestors. As he piously attributed his success to the favour of

heaven, he immediately bent his attention to the concerns of religion, and solicited a supply of missionaries from his former instructors. Corman was sent, a monk of a severe and unpliant disposition; who, *disgusted with the ignorance and barbarism of the Saxons*, speedily returned in despair to his monastery. As he described to the confraternity the difficulty and dangers of the mission, "Brother," exclaimed a voice, "the fault is yours. You exacted from the *barbarians* more than their weakness could bear. You should have first stooped to their ignorance, and then have raised their minds to the sublime maxims of the gospel." This sensible rebuke turned every eye upon the speaker, a private monk of the name of Aidan: he was selected to be the apostle of the Northumbrians; and the issue of his labours justified the wisdom of the choice.†

As the monks of Hii were Irish, it is demonstrable from this that the Britons were strangers to that refinement which characterised those with whom the Scottish clergy were more immediately acquainted. They denominated the Saxons barbarians, and one of them recoils from the discharge of a sacred duty, rather than encounter their ignorance and brutality. The history of the time amply supports the fact. Alfred, surnamed the wise, King of Northumbria, voluntarily retired to Ireland, there to enjoy the benefit, no doubt, of a society further advanced on the road of civilization than that which his native country afforded.

Dr. Lingard, it is true, does not deny this. It could hardly be denied by any one acquainted with ancient authorities; but he takes care to deprive us of this little reputation, by concluding the paragraph in which it occurs with a positive charge of barbarism.

'Though the gospel,' he says, 'had been preached in Ireland at a more early period, the general conversion of the natives had been reserved for the zeal of St. Patrick. This celebrated missionary was born in a village between Dunbarton and Glasgow, which has since assumed the name of Killpatrick. He commenced his labours in the year 432, and after a life of

* I allude to a popular History of Ireland by Captain Rock, a few sheets of which have been kindly shown to me. The writings of the 'Chieftain,' have been attributed to me, but I am bound in justice to disclaim the imputed honor.

† Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon church.

‡ Hist. England, vol. ii. p. 318

indefatigable exertion, died at an advanced age in 493. His disciples appear to have inherited the spirit of their teacher: churches and monasteries were successively founded: and every species of learning known at the time, was assiduously cultivated. It was the peculiar happiness of these ecclesiastics to escape the visits of the barbarians, who in the fifth and sixth centuries depopulated and dismembered the western empire. When science was almost extinguished on the continent, it still emitted a *faint light* from the remote shores of Erin; strangers from Britain, Gaul, and Germany, resorted to the Irish schools; and Irish missionaries established monasteries and imparted instruction on the banks of the Danube, and amid the snows of the Apennines. During this period, and under such masters, the natives were gradually reclaimed from the ignorance and pursuits of savage life: but their civilization was retarded by the opposite influence of their national institutions: it was finally arrested by the invasions of the Northmen, who from the year 748, during more than two centuries, almost annually visited the island. These savages traversed it in every direction; went through their usual round of plunder, bloodshed, and devastation; and at last occupying the sea coasts, formed settlements at the mouths of the navigable rivers. The result was the same in Ireland as in Britain and Gaul. Hunted by the invaders into the forests, and compelled to earn a precarious subsistence by stealth and rapine, the natives forgot the duties of religion, lost their relish for the comforts of society, and quickly relapsed into the *habits and vices of barbarism*.*

'I have,' he says, in a note, 'attentively perused the Cambrensis *versus* of Lynch, a work of much learning and ingenuity. In several instances he may have overturned the statements of Girald: in the more important points he has completely failed. The charge of bar-

barism so frequently and forcibly brought forward by St. Bernard, could neither be repelled, nor evaded. His principal resource has been to insinuate, that it should be confined to a small district, though his authority describes it as general (*per universam Hiberniam . . . ubique*. Vit. Malach. 1937): and to contend that it was eradicated by St. Malachy, though the contrary is proved by incontestable evidence. See Lynch, p. 41.'

It is not at all unlikely that Lynch failed to convince him; but Cambrensis himself has let out enough to show any one that his authority is entitled to no respect. What the very credulous and very ignorant Welshman took for barbarism, in many instances, redounds to the credit of those the booby censured. He condemns them for their manner of nursing. 'They did not,' says this civilized observer, 'adopt them to cradles, nor swathe them with bands, nor cherish their tender limbs in baths, nor compose them by art. Their midwives did not erect their noses, nor depress their faces, nor pull out their legs; but they left Nature to fashion their limbs as she pleased!'

Wonderful! And because they did not adopt the improved method of Timbuctoo accoucheurs, they were barbarians. The South Sea savage disliked London because it furnished no blubber, and Girald dislikes Ireland because the faces of the people were not flattened, their noses cocked up, and their limbs pulled out from their bodies!! Such is the authority upon which Dr. Lingard has had the temerity to charge a whole people with barbarism;* but Cambrensis furnished proofs in abundance to refute his manifold accusations, and disprove the assertions of Dr. Lingard. The Irish are described† as tall and handsome, well formed, fearless and active. These are not the attributes of barbarians: their dress was woollen, and Girald‡ pronounces it scanty and barbarous, because it was fashioned for the purpose of exhi-

* Dr. Lingard certainly refers, with considerable eagerness, to some briefs in the *Liber Niger Scaccarii*, and to the letters of Lanfranc and St. Anselm; but as Dr. Lanigan, in his *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, has sufficiently disposed of these, I shall not stop to refute what they appear to support.

† Girald. Top. Hib. lib. 3. c. 10.

‡ Ibid.

biting the form of the wearer to advantage. In music they excelled,* and music is not the growth of barbarism.— But Dr. Lingard repeats the charges of St. Bernard, and accuses the clergy of canonical disobedience, and the people of immorality, superstition, and incestuous concubinage.† To all this I shall simply oppose the authority of Cambrensis, as given by the historian himself. In the same page he says, ‘Girald bears a willing testimony to the general character of the clergy, with whom he had been acquainted. But while he praises their devotion, continency, and personal virtues, he justly complains, that, living in communities under the eye of their bishop and abbot, they confined themselves to the practices of the monastic profession, and neglected the principal office of clergymen, the duty of instructing the ignorance, and of re-proving the vices, of the people.’

This compliment to the clergy, at the expense of the people, is one of those miserable subterfuges of habitual libellers which defeats its own malice. No people could be immoral who had a clergy deserving of this commendation; but the truth is, the confession was drawn from Cambrensis, in spite of his disposition to malign and misrepresent. At a conference held at Baltinglass, an Irish bishop inveighed severely, in presence of Girald, against the immorality of the imported clergy, and contrasted their debauched lives with those of the Irish priesthood. Cambrensis, says the annalist,‡ made a long reply, in the course of which he was obliged to admit the superior morality of the native clergy. This is quite enough to disprove the charge of immorality; and as for incestuous concubinage, I regret, for the honor of literature and common sense, that a man of erudition should blot his page with so unphilosophical an assertion.— The charge was unfounded, because it was morally impossible that the crime could generally exist.§

Not content with describing our ancestors in the twelfth century as barbarians, Dr. Lingard would also deprive us of the honor of having been the instructors of the western world. He makes the school at Canterbury divide the honor with us; but I shall not now enter upon that subject. The passage already quoted from his history, proves that Ireland was frequented by others than northern scholars. Irish munificence was not satisfied in endowing native schools for the instruction of aliens: they carried their bounty to the Continent,|| where they also founded many religious houses.— Surely these were not the acts of barbarians.

Having now disproved some of Dr. Lingard's assertions, I shall notice one of his *omissions*. In his ‘Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church,’ he says, ‘In the preceding pages the reader will have observed the degeneracy of the Anglo-Saxon scholars, after the death of Bede and his disciples. If the learning of their predecessors cast a feeble ray of light on the close of the eighth century, it was entirely extinguished by the devastations of the northmen, and quickly succeeded by a night of the profoundest ignorance. This lamentable change is amply and feelingly described by the pen of a royal witness. “There was a time,” says Alfred in his letter to Wulsige, “when foreigners sought wisdom and learning in this island. Now we are compelled to seek them in foreign lands. Such was the general ignorance among the English, that there were very few on this side the Humber, (and I dare say not many on the other), who could understand the service in English, or translate a Latin epistle into their own language. So few were they, that I do not recollect a single individual to the south of the Thames, who was able to do it, when I ascended the throne.” To revive the study of literature became one of the first objects, which inflamed the ambition of the monarch: he solicited the

* See Warton, Dissertation i. Cambrensis, c. xi. He gives them a decided superiority.— Perhaps I might as well mention here, that the Irish imported, up to the twelfth century, English slaves. This fact proves they were even then a commercial people; for they must have given something in exchange for the live importation.

† Hist. Eng. vol. 2. p. 359.

‡ See Harris's Ware.

§ See Montesquieu's arguments on the subject, in his Spirit of Laws.

|| Fleury, Ecc. Hist. tom. viii. p. 421. x. p. 382.

assistance of the most distinguished scholars in the neighbouring nations; and *Wales, Flanders, and Germany*, saw themselves deprived of their brightest lights, by his promises and presents.*

Not one word about Ireland! Was this just? We have proofs in abundance, of Irishmen being employed, at this period, in teaching in England. Mr. Berington* sneers at their partiality to, what he calls, their wandering mode of life. Such was their reputation, that a formal complaint was made by the English clergy against them, for having attracted so many pupils.† St. Dunstan studied under them at Glastonbury,‡ and Camden has recorded many facts illustrative of their number and utility. But they were not limited to England. France felt the benefit of their presence, and when Alcuin quitted his school there, an Irishman was chosen to supply his place. A sketch of Europe at this time, would show how much Europe owes to Ireland; but as I have exceeded my limits, I must defer the pleasing task to next month.

The Danes, contrary to Dr. Lingard's assertion, did not reduce the island to its former barbarism. In the ninth cen-

tury she produced the most distinguished scholar of the age. Johannes Erigena is described by a laborious modern historian as a man of penetrating intellect; acquainted with all the treasures of literature; versed in many languages; and accomplished in many arts. Although I made honourable mention of him on a former occasion, the reader will not be displeased with a more minute account of his acquirements and genius.

'Though a native of the West of Europe,' says Mr. Turner, 'he was well skilled in Grecian literature,§ for he translated from the Greek language,|| a work of Dionysius, called the Areopagite, and the Scholia of Maximus, on Gregory the theologian.¶—He dedicated this work to Charles, the French king, at whose command he had undertaken both.** At the request of Hincmar, the archbishop, and another, he wrote on predestination against Goteschalcus;†† he composed also a book *De Visione Dei*;‡‡ and another, *de Corpore et Sanguine* §§ Domini. This last was written at the request of Charles the Bald, who was a great patron of letters.|| || This book was peculiarly un-

* History of the Literature of the Middle Ages, p. 198.

† See the authorities enumerated in the preface to Nicholls's Irish Historical Library.

‡ See Osberne Vita Dunst. p. 92.

§ 'Bouquet, in his recueil of the ancient French chronicles, says, that after Charlemagne had obtained the Empire of the West, and an epistolary intercourse had taken place between the Franks and Greeks, 'Cepit occidentalibus nosci et in usu esse lingua Græca.'—T. viii. p. 107.'

|| 'That the works ascribed to Dionysius, the Areopagite, are suppositious, and were written after the fourth century, see Dupin, v. i. p. 100—111, ed. Paris, 1688. They suited the genius of Erigena, for their 'principal but est de parler des mysteres d'une maniere curieuse et recherchée, de les expliquer suivant les principes de la philosophie de Platon et en des termes platoniciens.' P. 104.'

¶ 'This was Gregory Nazianzen. Maximus, opposing some theological opinions which the imperial court approved, perished 662 Dupin, t. vi. John's translation was published by Dr. Gale, at the end of his treatise *De Divisione Naturæ*, ed. Ox. 1681.'

** 'So he declares in his dedication. He tells the king, 'Difficillimum prorsus (orthodoxissime regum) servulo vestro imbecilli valde etiam in Latinis quanto magis in Græcis, laborem injunxisti.' He states, that what he found in Dionysius obscure and incomprehensible, Maximus had very lucidly explained. He particularises instances which are certainly among the most recondite and happily most useless topics of theological logic.'

†† 'Fab. Bib. Med. l. ix. c. 401. This brought us upon John, besides Prudentius Tricassimus, Florus of Lyons, who attacked him in the name of the church at Lyons. Fab. l. iv. c. 194. : and Cave, Hist. Lit. 447.'

‡‡ Mabillon found this in MS. It begins, 'Omnes sensus corporei ex conjunctione nascuntur animæ et corporis.' Fab. Med. l. ix. p. 401.

§§ 'Fab. p. 404.'

||| 'Heric, the bishop of Austin says, in his letter to Charles in 876, 'Quidquid igitur literum possunt, quidquid assequuntur ingenia vobis debent.' Bouquet, vii. p. 563. The editor quotes a monk of Saint Denys, in the same age, who says, 'Karolus—disciplinas adeo excoluit ut earum ipse quarundam munere sagacissime fungeretur,' ib. A passage of Heric's letter deserves quotation, because what he hints of the emigration of Irish literature may account

fortunate. It was assailed by several ecclesiastics, and adjudged to the flames.*

His principal work was, his Treatise *De Devisione Naturæ*, a dialogue which is distinguished for its Aristotelian acuteness, and extensive information. In his discussions on the nature of the Deity, and in considering how far his usual attributes describe his nature, or but metaphorically allude to it, he manifests great subtlety.† On the applicability of the categories of Aristotle, to the same Being, he is also very acute and metaphysical; and he concludes that none of the categories are in this case applicable, except perhaps that of relation, and even this but figuratively.‡ In his consideration, whether the category place be a substance or an accident, he takes occasion to give concise and able definitions of the several liberal arts, and to express his opinion on the composition of things.§ In another part, he inserts a very elaborate discussion on arithmetic, which, he says, he had learnt from his infancy.|| He also details a curious conversation on the elements of things, on the motions of the heavenly bodies, and other topics of astronomy and physiology. Among these, he even gives the means of calculating the diameters of the lunar and solar circles.¶ Besides the fathers, Austin, the two Gregories, Chrysostom, Basil, Epiphanius, Origen, Jerome, and Ambrosius,

of whose works, with the Platonising Dionysius, and Maximus, he gives large extracts; he also quotes Virgil, Cicero, Aristotle, Pliny, Plato, and Boetius; he details the opinions of Eratosthenes,** and of Pythagoras on some astronomical topics;†† he also cites Martianus Capella.‡‡ His knowledge of the Greek appears almost in every page.

The *Divisione Naturæ* certainly indicates great curiosity and research of mind, though it rather exercises ingenuity than conveys information. In a future age, when such disquisitions were offensive to that anti-christian despotism which was spreading its clouds over the European hemisphere, a pope, Honorius III. issued a bull to declare, that it “abounded with the worms of heretical depravity.” He complains, that it was received into monasteries, and that “scholastic men, more fond of novelty than was expedient, occupied themselves studiously in reading it.” He therefore commands, that they “solicitously seek for it every where; and if they safely could, that they send it to him to be burnt, or to burn it themselves.” He excommunicates all such as should keep a copy fifteen days after notice of this order.§§ As all inquiries of the human mind must be accompanied by many errors, it is a lamentable abuse of power to pursue the speculative to death or infamy for efforts of thinking,

for Erigena's being in France: ‘Quid Hiberniam memorem, contempto pelagi discrimine, pene totam cum grege philosophorum ad littora nostra migrantem—quorum quisque peritior est, ultro sibi indicit exilium ut Solomoni sapientissimo famuletur ad votum.’ Bouquet, vii. p. 563.

* ‘In 1050 and 1059, an old Chronicler speaks apparently of this book, when he says of Berengarius, ‘Joannem Scotum igni comburens, cujus lectione ad hanc nefariam devolutus fuerat sectam.’ Fab. p. 404.’

† ‘De Divisione Naturæ, p. 6—11.’

‡ ‘Ibid. p. 13.’

§ ‘Ibid. p. 18, 19.’

|| ‘Ibid. p. 111.’

¶ ‘Ibid. p. 144—149.’

** ‘Ibid. p. 146, 149.’

†† ‘Ibid. p. 145—149.’

‡‡ Ibid. p. 147, 148. This ancient author, whose æra is not ascertained (though he must have preceded Gregory of Tours, who mentions him), left nine books, two de Nuptiis Philologiae, the other seven on the seven liberal arts. His work was twice printed with innumerable mistakes. Grotius, in his fourteenth year, astonished the world by correcting justly almost all the errors. The recollection of this induced Vossius to say, “Quo Batavo—nihil nunc undique eruditius, vel sol videt, vel solum sustinet.” Hist. Lat. 713. How highly Capella was once esteemed, may be inferred from the panegyric of Gregory of Tours, lib. x. c. 31. p. 243. Barthius, one of those great scholars whose race is now extinct, says of him, ‘Jam ante ipsos mille annos tanta Capellæ hujus auctoritas, ut qui eum teneret, videretur omnium artium arcana nosse.’ Adversaria, c. 23. p. 409. Barthius describes his work thus; ‘Tota fere ibi Cyclopædia novem chartis absoluta est, cum innumeris interioris sapientiæ mysteriis versu atque prosa oratione indicatis et propositis,’ ib. p. 960. For what is known of Capella see Fab. Bib. Lat. iii. p. 213—224.

§ ‘See this bull at length in Fab. Bib. Med. lib. ix. 402. It is dated 10 Kal. Feb. 1225.’

which, if wrong, the next critic or literary opponent is best fitted to detect and overthrow. No error, if left to itself, will be a perennial plant. No power can prevent, though it may retard, the growth of truth.

'Erigena was in great favour with Charles. The king, one day as they were feasting opposite to each other, took occasion to give him a gentle rebuke for some irregularity, by asking him, "What separates a Scot from a sot?" The philosopher, with ready wit, retorted, "the table." The king had the good sense and friendship to smile at the turn.

'At another time, when he was at table, the servants brought in a dish containing two large fishes, and a very small one. John was a thin little man, and

was sitting near to ecclesiastics of vast size. The king bade him divide the dish with them. John, whose cheerful mind was always alive to pleasantry, conveyed the two large fishes into his own plate, and divided the little one between the ecclesiastics. The king accused him of an unfair partition. "Not so," says John. "Here are two large fishes," pointing to his plate, "with a small one," alluding to himself. "There are also two large ones," looking at the divines, "and a little one," pointing to their plates.'

John was a layman, and, contrary to Mr. Turner's opinion, does not appear ever to have been in England. The country which produced such a man could not have been in a state of barbarism.
RORY O'ROURKE.

THE WARRIORS OF CLONTARF.

BY D. S. L.

THE Dalgais, a Munster tribe, were the favourite troops of Brian. When interrupted in their return from the great and glorious battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory, the wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. 'Let stakes,' said they, 'be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.'—*Hist. Irel. Miss Young.*

The noon of death flash'd darkly down,
Where the brave on the rank cold grass were lying,
And the battle clang grew louder still,
As it told the knell of the dead and dying.
'Mid the war-whoop shriek of slaughter'd foes,
'Mid the ling'ring cries of blasted glory,
As the soldier's plume and the lance's light
Were reeking round, all red and gory ;
The torrent shout of a valiant band
Burst on the lines, like wakening thunder ;
And every one who slept in blood
Arose on the host in might and wonder.
The gash of war on their fierce brows shone,
And the flush of death—the word half spoken—
Crimson'd the eye, and stirred the lip,
As they sought their shields all rent and broken.
'Oh! place us each,' the warriors said,
'In the front of fight, with life beside us,
And while hand can grasp the reckless blade,
Alone let fate and valour guide us !'
They placed them there, 'in the front of fight,'
A gallant few 'gainst the lordly stranger,
And death and might in their union met,
As they rush'd away to the steeps of danger.
The pale moon look'd from its sea-blue throne
O'er the isles of earth and the gems of water ;
And it smil'd to see the glorious plain
Where heroes lay in their couch of slaughter.
For Erin's land the warriors fell,
No idle stone they plac'd above them ;
But Erin's annals yet can say,
How her heroes bless and how they love them !

Feb. 1828.

G

NAPOLÉON BUONAPARTE.

'A JUST estimate of the late emperor of France,' says an American,* remarkable for profound thinking, 'seems to us important. That extraordinary man, having operated on the world with unprecedented power during his life, is now influencing it by his character. That character, we apprehend, is not viewed as it should be. The kind of admiration which it inspires, even in free countries, is a bad omen. The greatest crime against society, that of spoiling it of its rights and loading it with chains, still fails to move that deep abhorrence, which is its due; and which, if really felt, would fix on the usurper a brand of indelible infamy. Regarding freedom as the chief interest of human nature, as essential to its intellectual, moral, and religious progress, we look on men, who have signalized themselves by their hostility to it, with an indignation at once stern and sorrowful, which no glare of successful war, and no admiration of the crowd, can induce us to suppress. We mean then to speak freely of Napoleon. But if we know ourselves, we could on no account utter one unjust reproach. We speak the more freely, because conscious of exemption from every feeling like animosity. We war not with the dead. We would resist only what we deem the pernicious influence of the dead. We would devote ourselves to the cause of freedom and humanity, a cause perpetually betrayed by the admiration lavished on prosperous crime and all-grasping ambition. Our great topic will be the character of Napoleon; and with this we shall naturally intersperse reflections on the great interests which he perpetually influenced.

'The wrong doing of public men, on a large scale, has never drawn upon them that sincere, hearty abhorrence which visits private vice. Nations have seemed to court aggression and bondage, by their stupid, insane admiration of successful tyrants. The wrongs from which men have suffered most, in body and mind, are yet unpunished. True, Christianity has put into our lips censures on the aspiring and the usurping. But these reproaches are as yet little more than sounds, and unmeaning common-places. They are repeated for form's

sake. When we read or hear them, we feel that they want depth and strength. They are not inward, solemn, burning convictions, breaking from the indignant soul with a tone of reality, before which guilt would cower. The true moral feeling in regard to the crimes of public men is almost to be created. We believe, then, that such a character as Buonaparte's is formed with very little consciousness of its turpitude; and society, which contributes so much to its growth, is responsible for its existence, and merits in part the misery which it spreads.'

The same writer enters into a laborious estimate of his character, the incidents which led to its development, and the events which distinguished his career. As his opinions are at once bold and original, we shall make a few additional extracts. After stating that Buonaparte's education was unfavourable to moral or humane impressions, he continues:

'His first campaign was in Italy, and we have still a vivid recollection of the almost rapturous admiration, with which we followed his first triumphs; for then we were simple enough to regard him as the chosen guardian of liberty. His peculiar tactics was not then understood; the secret of his success had not reached us; and his rapid victories stimulated the imagination to invest him with the mysterious powers of a hero of romance. We confess that we cannot now read the history of his Italian wars without a quickened movement in the veins. The rapidity of his conceptions; the inexhaustibleness of his invention; the energy of his will; the decision which suffered not a moment's pause between the purpose and its execution; the presence of mind, which, amidst sudden reverses and on the brink of ruin, devised the means of safety and success; these commanding attributes, added to a courage, which, however suspected afterwards, never faltered then, compel us to bestow, what indeed we have no desire to withhold, the admiration which is due to superior power.

'Let not the friends of peace be offended. We have said, and we repeat it, that we have no desire to withhold our admiration from the energies, which war often awakens. Great powers, even in their perversion, attest a glorious nature, and we may feel their grandeur, whilst we condemn, with our whole strength of moral feeling, the evil passions by which they are depraved. We are willing to grant that war, abhor it as we may, often

* Dr. Channing.

developes and places in strong light, a force of intellect and purpose, which raises our conceptions of the human soul. There is perhaps no moment in life, in which the mind is brought into such intense action, in which the will is so strenuous, and in which irrepressible excitement is so tempered with self-possession, as in the hour of battle. Still the greatness of the warrior is poor and low compared with the magnanimity of virtue. It vanishes before the greatness of principle. The martyr to humanity, to freedom, or religion; the unshrinking adherent of despised and deserted truth; who, alone, unsupported, and scorned, with no crowd to infuse into him courage, no variety of objects to draw his thoughts from himself, no opportunity of effort or resistance to rouse and nourish energy, still yields himself calmly, resolutely, with invincible philanthropy, to bear prolonged and exquisite suffering, which one retracting word might remove: such a man is as superior to the warrior, as the tranquil and boundless heavens above us, to the low earth we tread beneath our feet.

‘We have spoken of the energies of mind called forth by war. If we may be allowed a short digression, which however bears directly on our main subject, the merits of Napoleon, we would observe, that military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. We grant that a mind, which takes in a wide country at a glance, and understands almost by intuition the positions it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general, who disposes his forces so as to counteract a greater force; who supplies by skill, science, and genius, the want of numbers; who dives into the counsels of his enemy, and who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast sphere of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, manifests great power. But still the chief work of a general is to apply physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order; and accordingly nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, in large views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great me-

chanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly great generals, away from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanician taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking on general and great topics they cannot comprehend. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents; but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world, without adding one new thought on the great themes, on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult to these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose, the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford; who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom and fervid impetuous imagination which they conjoined; of the dominion which they have exerted over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure; of the voice of power, in which, though dead, they still speak to nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres; who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects, on which a powerful mind can be employed?

His intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood, by a glance, what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own and his enemy's positions; and combined at once the movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of an army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible, to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by

rule, and he discovered the true characteristic of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them. He understood thoroughly the immense moral power, which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralyzed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which the storm of battle burst upon them; and, whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, breathed into them, by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. This power of disheartening the foe, and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence, and exhilarating courage, which made war a pastime, and seemed to make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

‘One of the striking properties of Buonaparte’s character was decision, and this, as we have already seen, was perverted, by the spirit of self-exaggeration, into an inflexible stubbornness, which counsel could not enlighten, nor circumstances bend. Having taken the first step, he pressed onward. His purpose he wished others to regard as a law of nature, or a decree of destiny. It *must* be accomplished. Resistance but strengthened it; and so often had resistance been overborne, that he felt as if his unconquerable will, joined to his matchless intellect, could vanquish all things. On such a mind the warnings of human wisdom and of Providence were spent in vain; and the Man of Destiny lived to teach others, if not himself, the weakness and folly of that all-defying decision, which arrays the purposes of a mortal with the immutableness of the counsels of the Most High.’

He goes on to describe him as characterised by a spirit of *self-exaggeration*. Impatience and restlessness resulted from this; rashness followed, and, of course, the calmness of wisdom was denied him. He who wished to astonish by the suddenness of his operations could not brook delay. Still he was a great man, but there are various orders of greatness, and the highest did not belong to Buonaparte. ‘There are,’ says Dr. Channing, ‘different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral greatness*, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy by which the soul, subdued by the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would

sever it from the cause of freedom, virtue, and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever “ready to be offered up” on the altar of its country or of mankind. Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace or spark in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a God, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice appears not to have waged a moment’s war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others’ interests with too much heartiness, to live a day for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world. Next to moral, comes *intellectual greatness*, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together, by innumerable affinities and relations, all the objects of its knowledge, and, not satisfied with what exists and with what is finite, frames to itself ideal excellence, loveliness, and grandeur. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, inspired poets, and to the master spirits in the fine arts. Next comes the greatness of *action*; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving and executing bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object, a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Buonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man, who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and

oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the cossack, and the deserts of the Arab; a man, who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question, whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.

'We are not disposed, however, to consider him as pre-eminent even in this order of greatness. War was his chief sphere. He gained his ascendancy in Europe by the sword. But war is not the field for the highest active talent, and Napoleon, we suspect, was conscious of this truth. The glory of being the greatest general of his age, would not have satisfied him. He would have scorned to take his place by the side of Marlborough or Turenne. It was as the founder of an empire, which threatened for a time to comprehend the world, and which demanded other talents besides that of war, that he challenged unrivalled fame. And here we question his claim. Here we cannot award him supremacy. The project of universal empire, however imposing, was not original. The revolutionary governments of France had adopted it before; nor can we consider it as a sure indication of greatness, when we remember that the weak and vain mind of Louis XIV. was large enough to cherish it. The question is, did Napoleon bring to this design the capacity of advancing it by bold and original conceptions, adapted to an age of civilization, and of singular intellectual and moral excitement? Did he discover new foundations of power? Did he frame new bonds of union for subjugated nations? Did he discover, or originate, some common interests by which his empire might be held together? Did he breathe a spirit which should supplant the old national attachments, or did he invent any substitutes for those vulgar instruments of force and corruption, which any and every usurper would have used? Never in the records of time, did the world furnish such materials to work with, such means of modelling nations afresh, of building up a new power, of introducing a new era, as did

Europe at the period of the French revolution. Never was the human mind so capable of new impulses. And did Napoleon prove himself equal to the condition of the world! Do we detect one original conception in his means of universal empire? Did he seize on the enthusiasm of his age, that powerful principle, more efficient than arms or policy, and bend it to his purpose? What did he do but follow the beaten track? but apply force and fraud in their very coarsest forms? Napoleon showed a vulgar mind, when he assumed self-interest as the sole spring of human action. With the sword in one hand and bribes in the other, he imagined himself absolute master of the human mind. The strength of moral, national, and domestic feeling, he could not comprehend. The finest, and, after all, the most powerful elements in human nature, hardly entered into his conceptions of it; and how then could he have established a durable power over the human race? We want little more to show his want of originality and comprehensiveness as the founder of an empire, than the simple fact, that he chose as his chief counsellors Talleyrand and Fouché, names which speak for themselves. We may judge of the greatness of the master spirit, from the minds which he found most congenial with his own. In war, Buonaparte was great; for he was bold, original, and creative. Beyond the camp he indeed showed talent, but not superior to that of other eminent men.'

These extracts are so apposite that we offer no apology for the length to which they have extended, particularly as we shall have occasion to return to the subject in our next. In the mean time we cannot resist the temptation of giving a contrast, drawn by Viscount Chateaubriand in his book of travels recently published, between Washington and Buonaparte.

'If we compare Washington and Buonaparte, man to man, the genius of the former seems of a less elevated order than that of the latter. Washington belongs not, like Buonaparte, to that race of the Alexanders and Cæsars, who surpass the ordinary stature of mankind. Nothing astonishing attaches to his person; he is not placed on a vast theatre; he is not pitted against the ablest captains and the mightiest monarchs of his time; he traverses no seas; he hurries not from Memphis to Vienna and from Cadiz to Moscow: he defends himself with a handful of citizens

on a soil without recollections and without celebrity, in the narrow circle of the domestic hearths. He fights none of those battles which renew the triumphs of Arbela and Pharsalia; he overturns no thrones to re-compose others with their ruins; he places not his foot on the necks of kings; he sends not word to them in the vestibules of his palaces,

Qu'ils se font trop attendre, et qu' Attila s'ennuie.

'Something of stillness envelopes the actions of Washington; he acts deliberately: you would say that he feels himself to be the representative of the liberty of future ages, and that he is afraid of compromising it. It is not his own destinies but those of his own country with which this hero of a new kind is charged; he allows not himself to hazard what does not belong to him. But what light bursts forth from this profound obscurity! Search the unknown forests where glistened the sword of Washington, what will you find there? graves? no! a world! Washington has left the United States for a trophy of his field of battle. Buonaparte has not any one characteristic of this grave American: he fights on an old soil, surrounded with glory and celebrity; he wishes to create nothing but his own renown; he takes upon himself nothing but his own aggrandizement. He seems to be aware that his mission will be short, that the torrent which falls from such a height will speedily be exhausted: he hastens to enjoy and to abuse his glory, as men do a fugitive youth. Like the gods of Homer, he wants to reach the end of the world in four steps: he appears on every shore, he hastily inscribes his name in the annals of every nation; he throws crowns as he runs to his family and his soldiers; he is in a hurry in his monuments, in his laws, in his victories. Stooping over the world, with one hand he overthrows kings, and with the other strikes down the revolutionary giant; but in crushing anarchy he stifles liberty, and finally loses his own in the field of his last battle. Each is rewarded according to his works: Washington raises his nation to independence: a retired magistrate, he sinks quietly to rest beneath his paternal roof, amid the regrets of his countrymen and the veneration of all nations. Buonaparte robbed a nation of its independence: a fallen emperor, he is hurried into an exile where the fears of the world deem him not safely enough imprisoned in the custody of the ocean. So long as, feeble and chained upon a rock, he struggles with death, Europe dares not lay down its arms. He expires: this intelligence, published at the gate of the palace before which the conqueror had caused so many funerals to be proclaimed, neither stops nor astonishes the passenger: what had the citizens to deplore? The republic of Washington subsists, whereas the empire of Buonaparte is destroyed: he died

between the first and second voyage of a Frenchman, who found a grateful nation where he had fought for a few oppressed colonists. Washington and Buonaparte sprang from the bosom of a republic: both born of liberty, the one was faithful to it, the other betrayed it. Their lot in futurity will be as different as their choice. The name of Washington will spread with liberty from age to age; it will mark the commencement of a new era for mankind. The name of Buonaparte also will be repeated by future generations; but it will not be accompanied with any benediction, and will frequently serve for authority to oppressors, great or small. Washington was completely the representative of the wants, the ideas, the knowledge, and the opinions of his time; he seconded instead of thwarting the movement of mind; he aimed at that which it was his duty to aim at: hence the coherence and the perpetuity of his work. This man, who appears not very striking, because he is natural and in his just proportions, blended his existence with that of his country; his glory is the common patrimony of growing civilization: his renown towers like one of those sanctuaries, whence flows an inexhaustible spring for the people. Buonaparte might, in like manner, have enriched the public domain: he acted upon the most civilized, the most intelligent, the bravest and the most brilliant nation of the earth. What rank would he occupy at this day in the universe, if he had combined magnanimity with the heroic qualities which he possessed — if, Washington and Buonaparte in one, he had appointed liberty the heir to his glory. But this prodigious giant did not completely connect his destinies with those of his contemporaries: his genius belonged to modern times, his ambition was of by-gone ages; he did not perceive that the miracles of his life far surpassed the value of a diadem, and that his Gothic ornament would ill become him. Sometimes he advanced a step with the age, at others he retrograded towards the past; and whether he opposed or followed the current of time, by his immense strength he repelled the waves or hurried them along with him. In his eyes men were but an engine of power; no sympathy subsisted between their happiness and his. He promised to deliver and he fettered them; he secluded himself from them; they withdrew from him. The Kings of Egypt placed their sepulchral pyramids not among flourishing fields, but amid sterile sands; those vast tombs stand like eternity in the desert: in their image Buonaparte built the monument of his renown. Those who, like me, have beheld the conqueror of Europe and the legislator of America, now turn their eyes from the stage of the world: a few players who excite tears or laughter, are not worth looking at.'

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

THREE years ago, when we commenced our literary labours, good men thought the wounds of Ireland were about to be closed; there seemed to be a persuasion abroad that it was time to do justice to an ill-used people, and to secure the permanent tranquillity of the empire. Parliament called for evidence, heard witnesses, and, for some time, made a show of being desirous to follow the dictates of sound policy; but the spirit of intolerance was not laid, principles of exclusion prevailed, and, after abortive schemes of the legislature to palliate the evils of Ireland, discontent has been increased tenfold by successive disappointments; and a new administration has recently been formed, the presiding genius of which is opposed to the claims of the Catholics. Still we are not inclined to despond; we still indulge in those anticipations of ultimate good, which proceed, we flatter ourselves, less from a sanguine temperament than from a conviction that those moral principles, which are now in operation, must eventuate in results favourable to the liberty and happiness of mankind.

The moral energies of Ireland, which every day served more fully to develop, and which protracted injustice only serves to array against the government of the country, are of a nature which no minister dare resist for any length of time; slight concessions and legislative palliatives will not do; these have been tried without success; they have only aggravated discontent, and proved demonstrably that the people want their rights, and that less than these will neither satisfy them, nor afford the country a fair opportunity of putting her vast and various resources into requisition. The emigration scheme is too absurd to impose much longer even upon Mr. Horton himself; and the subletting act, instead of promoting the good of Ireland, has provoked deserved resentment, and weakened the faith of the people in parliamentary wisdom. There have been one or two other attempts to remove evils which must be coeval with Catholic disqualifications, and which nothing short of emancipation can possibly remove. This must now be plain and palpable to the dullest Tory in the kingdom; Mr. Peel must know that con-

cession is indispensable, because he sees the whole intellect of the country—the influential portion of the press—and the thinking part of the Irish Protestants, arrayed against the system of exclusion. These will determine public opinion; and, in England, no minister can stand who runs counter to public opinion. These are reasons which induce us to look forward, not only with hope, but without apprehension of the result. Be the government Whig or Tory, it matters not, Ireland *must* be emancipated.

We view this great question not as sectaries or partisans: we regard it with the eyes of an unprejudiced politician, and advocate concession on national grounds alone. The Protestant would derive as much benefit from emancipation as the Catholic; it might be neither direct nor apparent, but it would not be the less real on that account. The present system superinduces a sense of general insecurity. The Catholic leaders—be they patriots or hypocrites—possess an influence which it would be useless to deny, and madness to permit them to enjoy much longer. They may not make a dangerous use of it, we are well assured they have no intention to do so; but if they lay the train, perhaps some more daring spirit may ignite it, when they least dream of insecurity. There is in Ireland what may be termed a mass of physical discontent—a political excitement, a national hatred, for designing men to operate upon; and we have but little faith in a people's loyalty—in their common sense, when their passions and prejudices are up in arms—when there is a universal consciousness of inflicted wrong; an heirloom, as it were, of hereditary injustice. A few individuals assemble in the name of the Catholic Association, and their motion is followed by simultaneous meetings throughout the country. These were for discussion: might they not be called by similar authority—real or usurped—for a very different purpose?

Ought this to be?

We leave the exclusionists to give an answer. It will be in the negative, whether they consult their fears or their prejudices; and in that negative are contained abundant reasons why the Catholics ought to be emancipated. Coercion is

no longer either prudent or practicable; the excluded have grown not only strong, but have become acquainted with the secret of their strength; their friends are multiplying—the sympathy of the civilized world is with them—and the innate love which unprejudiced man bears to liberty and justice revolts against oppression. For these reasons the Catholics cannot be silenced—they must be conciliated.

We are free to confess that this great question admits of but few new arguments in its favour. The objections against concession have been so trivial and so dull, and the advocates of the measure have been so eloquent and so forcible, that unless some more formidable opponent arises, the most fluent will have some difficulty in forming any combination of words that may have an air of novelty about them. Bigotry, however, is active, and that large body, who love liberty in the abstract, sluggish; the one requires to be met with promptness and determination, and the other aroused to a consciousness of duty. This imposes upon the friends of Ireland the necessity of ceaseless activity: they must consent to a repetition of worn-out topics and exhausted arguments, and to assail prejudice with those weapons which have enabled them to triumph in so many previous instances. On former occasions we have not been slow to aid the general cause; and without assuming any credit for political wisdom, we look back with feelings of satisfaction to that advice which a long experience enabled us to give, three years since, to the Catholics of Ireland. We did not then—we do not now—advocate their cause on sectarian grounds: we go upon the broad principle of utility and justice, and we recommended them, it will be recollected, to adhere more closely to useful facts, and refrain from mixing up their great question with extraneous matters, often foolish, generally detrimental to their own interests. Events have singularly illustrated the propriety of our opinions.—The Government readily availed themselves of Catholic admission, to attribute

the misery of Ireland to causes unconnected with Catholic grievances; and eagerly sought to divert attention from the cause of the evil to its effects. A population, said to be redundant, and the subdivision of rustic property, were regarded as things of more consequence to the nation than Catholic discontent.—Theoretic legislation has, however, dispelled the delusion, and brought us back to the original cause of complaint.

There can be no doubt that Ireland, in common with other nations, is subject to many, and galling local grievances: there are numerous evils which ought to be removed, and many miseries capable of amelioration. To these we shall in our future numbers give the requisite attention: in discussing them we shall, as heretofore, be guided solely by the merits of the case, and will not consent to flatter popular notions when we know them to be erroneous. We shall expose the fallacy of those arguments which would attribute that to absenteeism and want of capital which resulted solely from the political disabilities under which the people groan; and here we will repeat what we have previously advanced—namely, that the advocates of Catholic emancipation and national conciliation should confine themselves exclusively to these questions. They injure their cause when they mix it up with subjects upon which there is room for rational doubts and varieties of opinion. It distracts attention—misleads the public—and enables the enemies of concession to attribute, with some show of justice, to agitation and local grievances those consequences which result, as we have already stated, from Catholic disabilities.

It is fortunate, however, that the affairs of Ireland have assumed an importance, which forces the question of emancipation upon the legislature in spite of imprudence in its advocates, and zeal in its opponents. Circumstances may retard it, but nothing can permanently resist the claims of seven millions of intelligent men, who know their rights, and are resolved to obtain them.